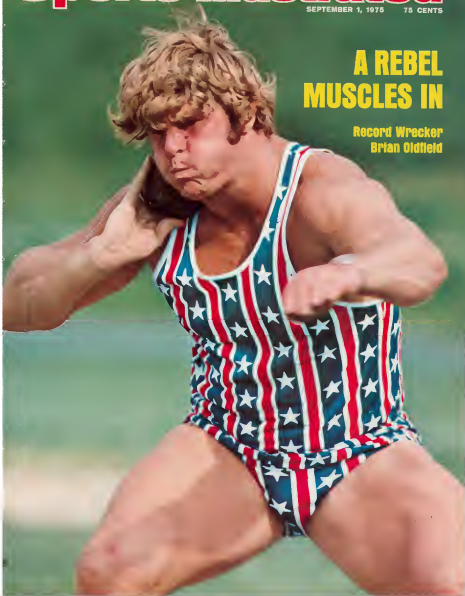


Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 1, 1975 75 CENTS

A REBEL MUSCLES IN

Record Wrecker
Brian Oldfield



Us Tareyton smokers
would rather fight than switch!



**Tareyton
is better.
Charcoal is why.**

Tareyton's activated charcoal
delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, 100 mm. 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.



There's nobody else like them.

You know how important their future is. That's why you probably have some life insurance already.

But what kind? How much? And is it enough to take care of your wife and children if you die?

These are the kinds of questions you should be asking yourself. And asking an Equitable Agent.

He or she can help... is trained to help. To think of you as an individual. With individual

insurance needs. Different from anybody else's.

At The Equitable, we give you the security of an Equitable policy. But, we also give you something else that's important.

The attention of an Equitable Agent.

THE EQUITABLE
There's nobody else like you.

We want you to feel as good about flying our airline as we do.



Since we're paid to fly Pan Am and you're not, the best way to make you feel as good about flying our airline as we do is by giving you terrific service.

Planes on time. Baggage handled carefully and quickly.

Food and drinks to satisfy your tastes. And reservations people who take the time to make sure your trip is set up exactly the way you want it.

That way, when your flight is over, you'll find that it's also paid you to fly Pan Am.

PAN AM

The spirit of '75.

See your Travel Agent

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 1, 1975 Volume 43, No. 9

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer



Michael Riemer

14 Poisoned Fish, Troubled Waters

At last a swell of protest is rising against PCBs, the toxic chemical compounds that are being spewed into our lakes and rivers and dispersed into the atmosphere, contaminating a variety of animals—including humans. Awake to the menace, officialdom must now do something about it.

by Robert H. Boyle

18 Furniss Was All Stoked Up

Determined to alone for Call, young Bruce got hot at the AAU championships

by Anita Verschoff

20 Wanted: Instant Status

A second-year golf tournament seeks to be on a par with the Big Four

by Barry McDermott

22 Wheeling and Dealing

Skateboards are back. The kids are rolling, and so are manufacturers—in money

by Sarah Pileggi

26 He Ran into Doors

Tony DeSpirito, a star at 18, dead at 39. In between, he had everything but luck

by Frank Deford

32 Wiles of the Wigwag Man

He tugs at his cap, shuffles, scratches, and sends the signals that win games

by Herman Woukoff

58 Coming on Strong

Brian Duffield, whirling dervish of the shofpul, has muscles to match his ego

by Curry Kirkpatrick

The Departments

11 Scorecard

43 Baseball

48 Soccer

50 Pro Football

Credits on page 73

52 Crew

58 Horse Racing

73 For the Record

74 19th Hole

Next Week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL kicks off another season with a bad case of short money. In our annual special issue, John Underwood looks into the financial squeeze; the Ivy League is satirized in pictures and words (by George Pimpton, Harvard '48); the Top 20 teams are fearlessly poked; and Ray Kennedy presents the sainted Archie Griffin, who's won one Heisman, is bucking for another and still hasn't proved he's the best player in his family.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end. For Times Inc., 540 N. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office: Rockefeller Co., N.Y. 10020. J. R. Shepley, President; C. J. Smith, Treasurer; C. B. Scott, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price of this 12, \$14.00 a year.

Midnight shootouts... duels at dawn... Law and



Wyatt Earp
Arizona Pioneer
Historical Society



Butch Cassidy
Pinker's Inc.



Doc Holliday



Frank Canton
Western History
Collection, University
of Oklahoma



Clay Allison
Barney Hobbie
Collection



Billy the Kid
Western History
Collection, University
of Oklahoma



Bat Masterson
Book 888,
Masterson Inn



Beer and law reform equal billing at Roy Bean's saloon courthouse in Lantry, Texas.



"God did not make all men equal," Westerners were fond of saying, "Colonel Coli did."



Hangings were often heralded by announcements to the press and other interested parties.



A grim squad of Union Pacific reform riders on a special train, hunting Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch.



In the wake of a card game quarrel, a vengeful cowhand dispatches one player and mentally wounds another in C. M. Russell's *Death of a Goodbye*.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS TIME & LIFE BUILDING CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

Yes, I would like to examine *The Gunfighters*. Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination — and enter my subscription to *THE OLD WEST*. If I decide to keep *The Gunfighters*, I will pay \$7.95 (\$8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in *THE OLD WEST* series, shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each is \$7.95 (\$8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 30-day, free examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *The Gunfighters*, I will return the book within 30 days; my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any future obligation.

Name (Please Print)

Address

City

State Zip

CR007



Now *THE OLD WEST* — an extraordinary series from TIME-LIFE BOOKS — brings you the roaring *true life* adventures and struggles of all those dauntless men and women who opened and settled the frontier West.

It was a time of impatient vigilantes, raw frontier justice, roaming guerrilla bands, and outlaws who burned down courthouses out of plain cussedness. It was the era, the heyday, the prime time of the gunfighter.

In your introductory volume to *THE OLD WEST* — *The Gunfighters* — you'll see what it was actually like to live within range of the gun-sights of the West's most dangerous outlaws: the James gang, who vacationed in Indian Territory between holdups . . . Billy the Kid, who casually killed a man for an idle insult . . . Ben Thompson, one of the West's most ruthless gun-

Order...Frontier Style!



The Gunfighters
is yours to enjoy free for 10 days
as your introduction to
THE OLD WEST
an extraordinary series from
TIME-LIFE BOOKS

men, admired by Sheriff Bat Musterson as the best gunfighter of them all . . . Belle Starr — organizer and fence for rustlers, horse thieves, and bootleggers . . . and some less celebrated gunslingers such as Dynamite Sam, Dark Alley Jim, Three-Fingered Dave, and Six-Toed Pete. You'll be there from ominous start to bloody finish at the O.K. Corral's classic shootout . . . and watch in amazement the most unsuccessful double bank robbery ever staged: the Dalton Gang's debacle, ending in death and defeat. Once you've caught your breath, you'll be looking forward to

the rest of the books in the series: *The Cowboys*, a comprehensive look at the real life of the real cowboy . . . *The Indians*, an objective depiction of the daily lives, customs, and beliefs of the Indian tribes who were America's first settlers . . . *The Soldiers*, a straight true tale of the cowards and heroes, the wise and foolish generals who fought the Indians and protected the embattled settlers. And in such books as *The Trailblazers*, *The Railroaders*, *The Expressmen*, *The Forty-Niners*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Great Chiefs*, the superbly told story of **THE OLD WEST** continues — alive with colorful paintings, early photographs, maps, newspaper clippings and posters, letters, diaries and journals.

You're invited to enjoy *The Gunfighters* for 10 days free. If it doesn't make you sit up and holler or gasp or fight back that old wanderlust, just send it back without obligation. Mail the order form today.

HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME BOOKS
Padded covers hand-rubbed for antique leather look,
embossed in Western saddle design
240 pages, some 250 illustrations. 8 1/2" x 11"

**TIME
LIFE
BOOKS**

Our Pinot Noir springs from the finest grapes of the 7th century.

There can be no doubt, Almadén Pinot Noir is a wine of rare nobility.

The incomparable grape that creates it is a true descendant of the original Pinot Noir grape that rose to prominence in Europe during the 7th century.

This classic yielded some of history's finest red wines. Deep, velvety-soft wines of unmatched balance and fruity grape aroma. The favorites of kings and conquerors.

And for the past century, it has flourished in the Almadén region of Northern California to produce Almadén Pinot Noir. A wine of historic grandeur.

Experience it and you will quickly realize one unchanging truth.

Only a fine grape can produce a fine wine.

Almadén



BOOKTALK

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

JOHN MCPHEE IS A QUITE UNFRENZIED FAN OF TURTLE EGGS AND ROO LAYER

"Anything John McPhee is interested in, I'm interested in." I heard someone say recently. McPhee is a man who has written a whole book (*Oranges*) about oranges. He also has written two of the best books—*Levels of the Gasse*, about Arthur Ashe and Clark Gable, and *A Sense of Where You Are*, about Bill Bradley—ever done on sports figures. Now Farrar, Straus and Giroux has issued a collection of his shorter magazine pieces (*Pieces of the Frame*, \$10), most of which were written for *The New Yorker* and all of which are about sports, games or outdoor matters except one, and that is about whiskey. McPhee reports that the key ingredient (the water) in the best of all Scotch whiskeys comes from "a hole in the ground," covered by a flagstone in an oat field. So whiskey is an outdoor matter, too.

The book starts casually, goes on quietly and seems to meander (or even to move without the ball, like Bradley). If this book has a bothersome characteristic it is that no one in it, including McPhee, ever seems to raise his voice. "ROW!" I exclaimed at one point, borrowing an exclamation from Pogo. "If somebody would just get frantic once!"

But there is plenty of frenzy elsewhere in American letters and not much of McPhee's kind of control. It is a high pleasure to watch his moves, as smooth and sharp and deftly modulated as, say, Bob Cousy's in his prime. "The yolk of a turtle egg cooks readily in a soft, mushy yellow. The albumen, though, pops and bubbles and jumps around the pan, and will not congeal. No matter how blazing the heat beneath it may be, the white of the egg of the snapping turtle will not turn milky and set. It will jump like a frog and bounce and dance and skitter all over the pan until your patience snaps or the fire dies. So you give up trying to cook it. You swallow it hot and raw." McPhee captures things without forcing them to congeal.

He can throw away a phrase, though, an injured roamer is "hard of moving". Rod Laver has "the forearm of a Dungeness crab." And his sense of ecology draws in people and then introduces us strange, tangy elements of nature. There is a great piece about a biologist who travels through Georgia picking up car-killed wildlife (some of it in cook and eat later) and lives in a house full of hungry animals to whom she tosses gerbils. There is also a long investigation of firewood. I'll bet McPhee could write a book about firewood. I would read it. END

©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

One of a kind.

He searches for what most men do not even know exists.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



Turkish and Domestic Blend

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR '75

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

FORT SUMTER

The battle between the NCAA and Big Football described in Frank Deford's recent article on the NCAA convention (51, Aug. 25) broke into the open last week when the University of Alabama, which is about as Big as Football can get, filed suit against the NCAA. Alabama challenged the new rules adopted at the NCAA convention that limit the size of football squads. Specifically "Bama said that athletes who had been given scholarships before Aug. 15, the date the limiting regulations were adopted, should not be affected. Because most incoming freshmen were recruited before that date, what the Alabama suit is asking is that full enforcement of the regulations be delayed for four years or until these incoming freshmen are through playing for the Crimson Tide.

Paul Skidmore, an attorney for the university, charged that the NCAA restrictions were "an unlawful abridgment of existing contract rights." The president of the NCAA, John Fuzak of Michigan State, replied indignantly. The reference to contracts was "curious terminology," he said, since the NCAA has always maintained that players on scholarship were not under "contract."

And there's the rub. The NCAA insists on regarding Big Football as an amateur sport. Alabama and the other powers approach it as a professional endeavor. As successful businessmen they know you have to spend money to make money, which is why they reject the NCAA's efforts to impose arbitrary restraint on the coats of operating a football team.

As Deford wrote, unless the colleges can isolate Big Football from the rest of the NCAA the conflict will go on. And Alabama's suit may turn out to be the Fort Sumter of this civil war.

AGED IN THE WOODS—AND IRONS

Four golfers in Bend, Ore. play nine-hole rounds together at least four times a week, their scores usually ranging from the low 40s to the mid-50s. Nothing very

amazing about that—except the ages of the four players. William Stephenson is 90, Lyle Banks is 87, Oscar Glasow is 85 and the kid of the group, Elmer Panzer, is 83. They call themselves the Antique Foursome and they believe they are the oldest regularly playing quartet of golfers in the world. Anybody want to argue with them?

HENRY

A different sort of oldtimer, Henry Aaron, is winding down. He is batting only about .230 for Milwaukee, with barely a dozen homers and 50 runs batted in. This is probably his last season in the majors. As quiet as ever (the only time he ever has excited national attention during his 22-year career was when he broke Babe Ruth's home-run record), he is heading for his last curtain without notice.

That may be the way the unassuming Henry wants it, but it seems a shame that the extraordinary accomplishments of this gifted player are not being saluted in every town he appears in during these final weeks of his career. For instance, he broke Ruth's record, yes, but the magnitude of that accomplishment makes us overlook the astonishing fact that he has hit 200 homers more than such Hall of Fame sluggers as Mickey Mantle, Jimmy Fox, Ted Williams and Mel Ott, who are among the few (11 to be precise) who have hit at least 500 home runs. And Aaron has batted in more runs than anyone—more than Ruth, more than Lou Gehrig, more than Rogers Hornsby; Joe DiMaggio is justifiably praised as a superb player, but Henry has batted in 700 more runs than DiMaggio.

He has played in more games than any other player in baseball history, has been at bat more times, has had more extra-base hits (doubles, triples and home runs), more total bases. Only Cobb and Ruth have scored more runs, and only Cobb has more base hits; Aaron has 250 more hits than Honus Wagner, 400 more than Nap Lajoie, 500 more than Paul Waner.

There are certain hallowed names that ring through the halls of baseball memory. Henry's belongs with that select few, and perhaps it should come first: "Aaron, Ruth, Cobb, Wagner. . ."

PREDATOR'S PREDATOR

Scientists released four timber wolves in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan last year to see whether or not the species could be re-established in that relatively wild area. The experiment ended eight months later when the last of the four animals was shot by a deer hunter. One of the others had been hit by an automobile, another had been snared in a coyote trap and eventually killed, the third had been shot.

Although there had been local objection to the experiment, the scientists insisted that the wolves were not a menace to human beings (indeed, wolves go out of their way to avoid man) and were not a threat to deer herds. The Michigan



wolves—who were "watched" by radio-beam tracking collars—killed three deer, but the three were tired, physically depleted animals. This verified earlier findings that wolves prey on the sick and the old and the very young, rather than the vigorous, healthy animals that hunters prize. In the long run, wolves tend to strengthen the quality of the herds.

The scientists indicated it was unlikely the experiment would be repeated in view of the hostile attitude displayed toward

continued

the wolves. There were too many people around and the animals were too close to them for things to work out.

ODD ODDS

About the same time that corn appears on roadside stands, football odds crop up in the Nevada sports books. Here are some late-summer specials on the upcoming conference races in the National Football League.

NFC		AFC	
Los Angeles	8-5	Pittsburgh	8-5
Minnesota	5-2	Oakland	2-1
Dallas	4-1	Miami	4-1
Washington	4-1	Denver	4-1
San Francisco	6-1	Buffalo	5-1
St. Louis	8-1	Cincinnati	8-1
Detroit	8-1	N.Y. Jets	10-1
Philadelphia	12-1	New England	12-1
Green Bay	12-1	Houston	25-1
Chicago	25-1	San Diego	30-1
Atlanta	30-1	Kansas City	40-1
New Orleans	50-1	Baltimore	50-1
N.Y. Giants	50-1	Cleveland	50-1

Before you rush over to bet your neighbor a six-pack on the Rams you should keep in mind that the prices the oddsmakers set are not so much a product of football knowledge as a reaction to the prejudice of bettors. The Rams are favorites in the NFC mostly because there is a lot of Los Angeles money in Nevada (not to mention San Francisco money, or didn't you notice those optimistic odds on the 49ers?). L.A. loves the Rams, always expects them to make it to the Super Bowl and is astonished when they don't, which means the city is perpetually astonished. As for the AFC, well, there isn't much Oakland money in Nevada (there isn't much Oakland money in Oakland), and the Super Bowl Steelers are the choice over the powerful Raiders because bettors go for the chalk, the defending champ, the newest unbeatable dynasty.

Aside from the feeling that any genius who bets on New Orleans and wins deserves a lot better payoff than 50 to 1, the worst bargains for bettors (along with that San Francisco price) seem to be the 4-to-1 odds on Dallas and Denver. The still-shaky Cowboys are going through a sort of instant rebuilding after last season's egg in the face, and improving Denver isn't that good yet. On the other hand, the rejuvenated Bears might be worth a little flyer at 25 to 1, and the odds on the

Bills, the Jets and the Patriots are tempting for those who feel that the zonked-out Dolphins are ready to be replaced as a conference power.

Come around again at Super Bowl time and we'll help you on that one, too.

HORSE SENSE

With 70 thoroughbreds and 10 quarter horses at home on his range in South Africa, Gary Player is eager to build a reputation as a breeder to get back some of the money he has invested. Systematic as always, he has a plan. "I'll have a track on my ranch," he says, "and when a prospective buyer asks about a horse, I'll invite him to the ranch, tell him to bring along a jockey and work the horse, using his own watch. He'll see exactly what he's getting. Of course, I also will expect him to pay what I think the horse is worth."

ON, SAY CAN YOU SEE?

One of the more stirring 20th-century battles for freedom reached a climax last Saturday on Cape Cod when defenders of the sacred right to run around on a beach with your pants off struck poses and voiced slogans reminiscent of the Minute Men rallying round at Lexington and Concord. These valiant supporters of the Constitution were outraged because a ban had been imposed on nude bathing at the Cape Cod National Seashore (SL May 12 and Aug. 4). They made speeches, distributed fliers and, all in all, sounded as though they were defending the Republic, motherhood and apple pie. And because nudes make news, they got plenty of publicity.

Which is what caused the trouble in the first place. Nudity had been accepted on the more secluded beaches of the Cape, particularly in the town of Truro, for years. It was only when the inevitable publicity about it attracted more and more people that local antagonism arose. The narrow roads and sparse parking areas of this least-populated area of the Cape, the one that best retains the simple beauty of the past, were jammed. Delicate sand dunes were overrun, pristine beaches littered with filth.

So the ban was imposed, ostensibly against nude bathing but actually against an unmanageable influx of people. And it worked for a while, too. Because the publicity now said "No nudity," the mobs stayed away. Nude bathing went on, as always, but quietly, as it used to.

Until the Sons of Liberty got into the act with their cries of "Free the free beach!" and their call to assemble on the sand. A Truro man watched sadly last Saturday as a torrent of cars from Boston and other parts of the Northeast flooded into town. "This is a terrible thing," he said. "We're seeing a village trampled to death." A woman, more caustic, said, "We have no civil rights at all. All the rights seem to belong to the naked children of Worcester."

CHEWING OUT WRIGLEY

A letter from a Chicago-Cub fan in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED last week praised "beautiful Wrigley Field." Now from St. Louis comes an opposite opinion. Reggie Smith of the Cardinals says, "Wrigley Field is a disgrace to baseball. It's degrading to play there. I mean the clubhouse, the bathroom, the area under the stands. There's a rancid smell down there. I don't see how the Cubs stand it." Smith mentions mildew carpeting and exposed water pipes in the clubhouse, grime on the ceiling and damp earth alongside the cracked cement walk leading under the stands to the dugout.

"If we athletes were in some other kind of entertainment field, say like music," Smith says, "we could count on coming into much better quarters. We're performers, too. We shouldn't be subject to these conditions."

Of course, Smith's opinion may not be totally objective. Reggie is a .300 hitter, but in two seasons in the National League he has batted only .212 at Wrigley, which is considered a hitter's dream park. There's nothing like an 0-for-4 day to bring out the mildew in a carpet.

THEY SAID IT

• Joe DiMaggio, now 60, announcing his retirement as a player in oldtimers' games: "I can't take it anymore. I'm not in good enough shape."

• Sonny Randle, University of Virginia football coach: "We've stopped recruiting young men who want to come here to be students first and athletes second."

• Istvan Gass, Hungarian soccer star, on his job as a soldier: "It's not serious work. I don't do anything. In fact, I've never seen a gun."

• Lou Piniella, New York Yankee outfielder, on an argument he once had with umpire Armando Rodriguez: "I cursed him out in Spanish, and he threw me out in English."

END

THE HERBAL ENCOUNTER FOR MEN

A MOST CIVILIZED SHAVE

Introducing Old Spice[®] Herbal Shave Cream.

A thick, luxurious shave cream that softens your beard and helps protect your face.

A really rich shave cream now made a little

richer because it's scented with Old Spice Herbal Cologne.

New Old Spice Herbal Shave Cream—it can make the barbaric job of shaving just a bit more civilized.

AN UNCIVILIZED FRAGRANCE

Old Spice[®] Herbal Cologne is made from exotic herbs gathered from around the world.

It's a primitive, elemental cologne, as far away from a civilized fragrance as you can get. **SHULTON**

POISONED FISH, TROUBLED WATERS

Toxic chemical compounds called PCBs are being discharged into rivers and lakes, contaminating food fish, which are contaminating us

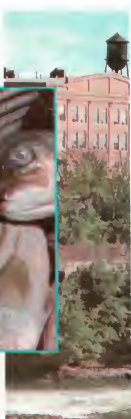
by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Anglers, commercial fishermen, fish dealers, restaurateurs, Senator Edward Kennedy and just plain citizens were up in arms last week, all because of some colorless, viscous fluids known as PCBs. PCBs is the abbreviation for polychlorinated biphenyls, a group of chemical compounds that are used by industries throughout the world because of their resistance to heat. PCBs are toxic to a wide range of animals, including humans. These chemicals, when ingested in large doses, cause miscarriages and stillbirths, and they are turning up in dangerous amounts in the upper Mississippi River, the upper Ohio, the Hudson River and several of the Great Lakes.



New Yorkers are warned not to eat bass from the Hudson, into which G.E. plants toxic PCBs.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART



Scientists in the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency have been aware of the PCB menace for several years, but the bureaucrats in charge of EPA have dithered and dallied rather than take effective action. For example, last February EPA officials in New York stayed abatement plans for two polluting General Electric Company plants at Fort Edward and Hudson Falls after the company objected and requested an adjudicatory hearing to challenge PCB limitations. Conservationists maintain that EPA should have acted under Section 504 of the Federal Water Pollution Control Act, which gives the agency the right to sue to halt discharge of pollutants that

present "an imminent and substantial endangerment to the health of persons or to the welfare of persons where such endangerment is to the livelihood of such persons. . . ."

Since 1942, G.E., which uses PCBs in the manufacture of electrical equipment, has been dumping them into the Hudson, an average of 30 pounds a day since 1971, 90 pounds on some occasions, the largest nonaccidental release of these poisons yet discovered in the U.S. and possibly the world.

The threat of PCB poisoning became a national concern three weeks ago when Ogden R. Reid, former ambassador to Israel and the new commissioner of the

New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, got a copy of an EPA study that prompted him to warn the public against eating striped bass from the Hudson and coho salmon from Lake Ontario. Reid was further upset when he learned that his department, long deplored by conservationists as a sick joke, had known of PCB contamination since 1972 and possibly as early as 1970.

On Oct. 26, 1970, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* published a lengthy article of mine on chemical contaminants in game fish from the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts, reporting that the WARF Institute in Madison, Wis., which did the laboratory anal-

rochford



yses, detected high levels of PCBs in Hudson River stripers. On Feb. 17, 1971 I wrote to Carl Parker, chief of New York's Bureau of Fisheries, telling him that Hudson stripers had 11.4 parts per million of PCBs in their eggs and 4.01 in their flesh. In my report I informed Parker, "These are grim figures, and I certainly think the state should warn fishermen not to eat striped basses." I also noted that the levels in the flesh did not make "great reading," and I suggested he read the *SI* article. Parker's reply was terse.

Tests ordered by Reid or previously performed by EPA scientists and New York State disclosed that numerous species of Hudson fish in addition to striped bass were contaminated. These included rock bass, largemouth and smallmouth bass, shiners, white perch, northern pike and sturgeon. Apparently fish can ingest PCBs by taking in bottom sediments, eating lesser organisms or simply by swimming through water that contains PCBs. The striped bass pose a particularly vexing problem, which was Senator Kennedy's immediate concern. After spawning, bass from the Hudson migrate as far north as Massachusetts and as far south as New Jersey, and they are indistinguishable to fishermen from stripers emanating from rivers in the Chesapeake Bay where no serious PCB concentration has yet been discovered in the flesh of adult fish.

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has placed a tolerance limit of five parts per million of PCBs in fish; according to the EPA National Water Quality Laboratory in Duluth, all Lake Michigan trout and salmon longer than 12 inches exceed that limit. Last May 30, the FDA seized 124,812 cans of Lake Michigan coho salmon because the PCB levels in the canned coho ranged from 7.6 to 10.9 ppm. The FDA also seized 6,480 pounds of frozen Lake Michigan coho and chinook salmon from the Point Adams Packing Company; the PCB levels ranged from 8.2 to 9.2 ppm. Wisconsin Lieutenant Governor Martin J. Schreiber wrote with some foresight last Nov. 8 to A. Gene Gazlay, director of the Michigan Department of Natural Resources: "There exists now a problem with contaminants in Lake Michigan that has the potential of destroying both sport and commercial fishing in all the Great Lakes. This situation could turn any efforts to develop the lake as a fu-

ture protein source into a futile and frustrating endeavor." Since 1971 Michigan health authorities have advised fishermen not to eat salmon or trout from Lake Michigan more than once a week.

Large lake trout from Lake Superior are generally contaminated, and coho and chinook salmon in Lake Ontario have excessive levels. PCBs appear to be a threat to fish-eating birds in the Great Lakes region. "Severe reproductive failure has been identified in herring gull colonies around Lake Ontario," wrote Karl E. Bremer of the EPA Chicago office on July 24 to the Lake Michigan Toxic Substances Committee. "There is a positive correlation between early embryonic mortality and PCB contamination. The major effect on young birds is to produce symptoms of chick edema disease. . . . Officials have observed unnaturally high mortalities of gulls in recent years from Saginaw Bay and Grand Traverse Bay. Analysis of the liver and brain of a dead herring gull from Grand Traverse Bay in 1973 showed the presence of 2,600 ppm of Aroclor 1254 [a PCB]."

PCB pollution is not restricted to New York and the Great Lakes. Earlier this year the FDA seized and eventually buried 20,000 pounds of carp taken from Lake Pepin, a reach of the Mississippi 70 miles downriver from the Twin Cities. EPA scientists have also discovered excessive levels of PCBs in channel catfish and carp taken from the Ohio River.

On Sept. 29, 1972 Dr. Donald J. Lisk and Carl Bache of the pesticide research lab at Cornell University contributed a paper to *Science* on PCBs in lake trout in Cayuga Lake, N.Y. As a general rule, trout exceeding 24 inches in length had excessive levels, the highest reading of 30 ppm being found in a 9-year-old fish. Quipped by *SI*, Dr. Lisk said no one in government had ever bothered to ask about the findings or the possible sources of the PCBs.

Dr. Ward Stone, a New York State wildlife pathologist, warned conservation department supervisors for several years of the PCB crisis. He found his warnings "futile." Dr. Stone says, "No one really cared. In one memo I wrote, 'I hope the department begins to take some of these toxic problems seriously . . . because it is doubtful these problems can be put off. In fact, they have already been put off far too long.'" In autopsies Dr. Stone discerned excessive PCB levels in breast muscles of a num-



Commissioner Ogden Reid got semi-tough.

ber of greater scaup shot on Lake Ontario and Long Island Sound. He also found excessive PCB levels in white-winged scoter dying on Lake Ontario. Moreover, he found 30.16 ppm of PCBs in the liver of a great blue heron from Albany County; 11.05 ppm in the liver and 21.49 ppm in the muscles of a dead herring gull from Oneida Lake; 20.3 ppm in the liver of a porpoise washed ashore at Westhampton Beach, N.Y.; and 49.39 ppm in the brain of an otter from Twichell Lake in Herkimer County.

But not just mammals, birds and fish are affected. The water is, too. In a review of PCBs in the Hudson, Dr. Gillman D. Veith of the Duluth lab reported that "the river for many miles downstream from the G.E. discharge has not been adequately tested. It could be contaminated with PCBs at levels 100 times over the 10-parts-per-trillion guideline set forth by EPA in 1972 and 1,000 times higher than the newly recommended water quality criteria [of one part per trillion]." Poughkeepsie and other river towns draw their drinking water from the Hudson. Water supplies for cities on the Great Lakes may also be endangered. Chicago and Milwaukee draw their water from Lake Michigan, and EPA reports indicate that PCB levels in certain

areas of the lake range from four to 10 parts per trillion, well above the recommended one part per trillion.

PCBs have been manufactured in the U.S. since 1929 by one firm, Monsanto Industrial Chemicals Company. It is estimated that Monsanto has turned out about 400,000 tons of PCBs between 1948 and 1973. The company's output is about half the world production. PCBs have also been made in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Czechoslovakia, the Soviet Union and Japan.

PCBs are a family of partially or wholly chlorinated isomers of biphenyls. Monsanto has marketed them under the trademark names of Aroclor 1016, 1221, 1232, 1242, 1248, 1254, 1260, 1262 and 1268. The last two digits indicate the chlorine percentage in the different formulations. Like DDT, PCBs are chlorinated hydrocarbons, but compared to DDT, which may persist up to 15 years, PCBs resemble the Rock of Gibraltar. After the use of DDT was restricted by the Great Lakes states in 1970, DDT residues in Lake Michigan fish dropped 87%. However, the more highly chlorinated of the PCBs are essentially unalterable by microbial or physical chemical action in the environment. Their molecular structure inhibits enzymes from shearing the bonding between the chlorine atom and the biphenyl structure. So far as is known, the only way in which PCBs can be destroyed is in a special incinerator at a temperature of 2,700° Fahrenheit.

The apparent indestructibility of PCBs horrifies ecologists and gladdens industrialists. Just a partial listing of products made with PCBs at one time or another includes hydraulic fluids, plasticizers, adhesives (brake linings and clutch faces), paints, sealants (asphalt and concrete) and printing products (carbonless carbon paper and paper coating). PCBs are still used as filling agents or impregnants in electrical transformers and capacitors. Imported or recycled PCBs are used in such products as heat-transfer fluids. Traces of PCBs have been found in toilet soaps, hard and soft wood pulps, coloring compounds, fish oil and Xerox toners. Ironically, waste paper claimed for recycling is one of the sources of the PCBs that flow into Wisconsin streams emptying into Lake Michigan. These PCBs come from the inks and papers.

In 1971, five years after scientists recognized PCBs as contaminants, Monsan-

to announced it would voluntarily restrict sales to "closed cycle" systems in transformers and capacitors. However, PCBs were already omnipresent.

Dr. George Harvey of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution says PCBs enter the environment from sewage outfalls, industrial and municipal wastes, leaching from dumps and the burning of refuse. PCBs occur in rain and snow. For example, measured snowmelt in Kenosha, Wis. contained .22 parts per billion of PCBs. "The atmosphere is the major pathway of global transport," Harvey has written. "PCBs have been found in all organisms analyzed from the North and South Atlantic oceans, even in animals living under 11,000 feet of water. . . . Based on available data it seems safe to conclude that PCBs are present in varying concentrations in every species of wildlife on the earth."

The concentrations do vary. Dr. Robert Rosebrough of the University of California at Berkeley has found levels of from 300 to 1,600 ppm in cormorants and ospreys, and he suspects that deformities in terns born on Great Gull Island in Long Island Sound are caused by PCBs. Researchers in both the U.S. and Canada have discovered that ranch-raised mink suffer adverse reproductive effects when fed PCB-contaminated foods. At Michigan State University, R. K. Rungor, R. J. Aulerich and M. Zabik "confirmed the mink industry's observation that Lake Michigan coho salmon, when fed to breeder mink, resulted in either total cessation of mink reproduction (embryo toxicity) or kit mortality, the degree of complication being dependent upon the percentage of coho salmon fed and the duration of feeding."

Dr. Renate Kimbrough of the Center for Disease Control of the U.S. Public Health Service in Atlanta and a team of researchers have "concluded that the polychlorinated biphenyl Aroclor 1260 had a hepatocarcinogenic [liver cancer] effect in female Sherman Strain rats when fed in the diet." The Kimbrough study will be published in the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*.

In 1968, more than 1,000 Japanese developed Yusho disease when they used rice oil containing an estimated 2,000 ppm of PCBs. The PCBs leaked from pinholes in a factory pipe during processing. Disease symptoms included eye discharges, severe acne, ulcers of the uterus and darkening of the skin. Pregnant women

suffered miscarriages and stillbirths, and surviving infants suffered from abnormal pigmentation as the result of transplacental transmission of PCBs.

Recent research by Dr. James R. Allen and Deborah Barsotti of the University of Wisconsin Medical School has demonstrated that even very low PCB levels are dangerous to primates. The scientists started with six rhesus monkeys that ate food containing 25 ppm of Aroclor 1248 for two months. They developed facial swelling, loss of hair—including eyelashes—and acne lesions within a month, and one monkey died from PCB intoxication two months after going off the experimental diet. In another experiment, Barsotti and Allen fed two groups of rhesus monkeys food containing five ppm and 2.5 ppm of Aroclor 1248. Within two months, both groups had lost hair from the face and neck, and their skin was of "a sandpaperlike texture." Both groups developed acne, although the "2.5-ppm group developed the lesions later in time as the PCBs accumulated." In six months both groups reached a steady state concentration of PCBs in adipose tissue. They were then bred to control monkeys that had not been fed PCBs. Six of the eight five-ppm females became pregnant (in contrast to the 12 females in the control group, which was not fed PCBs), four of the six aborted or resorbed the fetus, one gave birth to a stillborn and one to a very undersized infant. All eight in the group of 2.5-ppm females conceived, and of these, three resorbed the fetus and five gave birth to undersized infants. In the light of these findings, it appears relevant that EPA's present calculation is that 50% of the human population of the U.S. now contains one to three ppm of PCBs in its fatty tissues.

What is to be done? Conservation groups are discussing lawsuits, and one organization, the Hudson River Sloop Restoration Inc., has asked Russell Train, the administrator of EPA, to use emergency powers to halt the G.E. discharges. Demand for a nationwide ban on PCBs may be forthcoming, but how PCBs will be removed from ecosystems is not yet known. On his own authority, Ogden Reid is expected to issue an immediate order requiring G.E. to reduce its PCB discharges into the Hudson to zero by Dec. 31, 1976. It is a move in the right direction. By this week would have been better.

END

FURNISS WAS REALLY STOKED UP

When you're hot, you're hot, Bruce Furniss had a score to settle with himself and in the process broke two of the four individual world records that fell at the AAU meet last week in Kansas City by ANITA VERSCHOTH

For almost a month Bruce Furniss had been living with the painful fact that he had let his teammates down at the World Aquatic Championships in Cali, Colombia. He had forfeited a gold medal and a world record in the 800-meter freestyle relay by leaving the block on his anchor leg before teammate Tim Shaw had touched (SI, Aug. 4). Consequently, a U.S. national team that had shaved almost three seconds off the 2-year-old world mark had been disqualified. At the National AAU long-course swimming championships in Kansas City, Kans. last week, Furniss intended to atone for his mistake.

"It happens very seldom," he said, grinning through his braces, "but once in a while you get a second chance."

Certainly Dick Jochums, his coach at the Long Beach Swim Club, had enough topnotch swimmers to field a relay squad equal to a national team. There was Furniss' friendly rival, Tim Shaw, the triple gold medalist at Cali and freestyle world-record holder in the 400, 800 and 1,500 meters. There was Bruce's brother Steve, co-holder of the 200-meter individual-medley world record. And there was Rex Favero, a strong distance freestyler and

butterflyer. All Bruce had to do was tack on an anchor leg in a time close to his own 200 freestyle world record. Anything under 1:51 would be just fine.

All week long Jochums had refused to predict a world record in the relay. His philosophy, he said, was not to attach importance to such incidentals. "We are here to win the men's team title," he said. "To get points, not records." But Steve Furniss spread the word—"Dick thinks we can do it"—and as it happened, they did.

The Long Beach Swim Club dug into the relay race with Favero's 1:54.97 lead-off leg, not a record pace yet, though Favero clipped almost three seconds off his previous best for 200 meters. He touched in second place. Then Shaw, a beautiful stroker, got out in front with an impressive 1:51.35, and the record began to seem possible. Steve Furniss followed with a 1:53.27. Finally, Bruce, who had stood quivering on the block, slammed into the water. His time for the first 100 was 52.9, one second faster than he had ever gone out. He held on to finish in 1:50.95, and as he touched, the field was struggling half a pool length behind him. The clock stopped

at 7:30.54—2.68 seconds below the old record.

Bruce Furniss beamed as he climbed out of the pool. He shook Jochums' hand. "That's for you, baby! All for you!" he shouted.

That was on Friday. On Wednesday, to tune up for the relay, Furniss and Shaw had started off the meet with a couple of record busters that had the 3,000 fans jumping in the 90° heat. They swam a fierce 400 free, with Shaw taking a slight lead from the start and the wily Furniss churning after him, hoping to catch him at the halfway mark. Furniss said later, "With Tim, you have to be ahead at 300." But at 300 meters, Shaw was in front by .8 of a second. Over the last 12 meters Furniss accelerated into a sprint for the wall, but Shaw got there first, with a time of 3:53.31—6 under his world record. Bruce turned to his brother Steve and said, "I'm going to whip him in the 200 free tomorrow."

Which is what he did, also in world-record time. Zipping into the lead, Furniss was in front of Shaw by .2 at the 50, by .4 at the 100, by 1.6 seconds at the 150 and beat him by 1.73 in 1:50.32, a time almost half a second faster than his previous record.

"I hung on as long as I could," said Shaw. "That was until the 100, and then he just took off. I couldn't do anything about it."

"I never won a national championship before," said Furniss. "I was probably hungry. And maybe I had to prove that it wasn't a fluke when I took Tim's record at the trials for the world championships."

Just as his brother Steve had been second to Gary Hall when Hall was setting records in the individual medley events a few years back, Bruce had had to settle for silver medals to Shaw's golds in the 200 and 400 at Cali. But "Bruce is too determined to play bridesmaid for long," says Jochums. "He is intense, more intense than Shaw. He lives and



Greg Jagenburg swam the second-fastest 200 fly under the eye of record holder Mark Spitz.



Furniss and Shaw broke their own records and contributed to a new one for their team.

dies swimming. Tim does his work and forgets about it. Bruce goes home and worries about his splits. He is the most talented swimmer I have ever coached. He is blessed with blazing speed, Tim is not. Tim has to work at it harder."

Blazing speed and worrying about his splits were enough to make Furniss the meet's high-point winner in the men's competition, and his team, the Long Beach Swim Club, was the men's team champion. Shirley Babashoff was the women's high-point winner, and her team, the Mission Viejo Nadadores, also finished first. Altogether, the championships turned out to be a meet of the highest caliber. Indicative of the depth of world-class male freestylers in the U.S. was the fact that all eight qualifiers for the 400-meter finals swam the distance in less than four minutes in the heats. The record total was overwhelming: five world and two American marks in the men's events, six American records in the women's. All the winning times in the individual women's races were below those

of the 1972 Olympic gold medal winners, and in the individual men's events, only the 100 breaststroke, the 100 backstroke and Mark Spitz' two butterfly finals were swum faster in Munich.

Greg Jagenburg, who won the 100-meter butterfly at Cali, observed, "This meet is far more important than the world championships." Jagenburg had tapered down for an attack on Spitz' 200 fly world record, and when he missed it by .03 of a second he turned to his coach, Frank Keefe, and said, "I'm sorry. How could I have been so slow?" His time of 2:00.73 was the second fastest ever swum, Spitz, who was at poolside, remarked, "I have not been personally around when my freestyle records were broken. Maybe I should show up more often."

John Naber, who beat East German world-record holder Roland Matthes in both backstroke events last year, had not even tried out for Cali. He had rested in July, learning to play the guitar and giving a sermon at his church. "I was look-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWARTZ

ing forward to a good Olympic season," he said, "and I needed a psychological break." But he prepared for this AAU meet and won both backstrokes, lowering his American record each time.

On Saturday, the last day of the meet, the question was: Who is the world's fastest human afloat? There were three candidates: Jim Montgomery, who had won five gold medals at the 1973 World Games and had broken Spitz' 100-meter freestyle record last June in the World Game trials with a clocking of 51.12; Andy Coan, the 17-year-old high school sensation from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., who had won the sprint in Cali and broken Montgomery's record by .01 in his hometown pool at the Hall of Fame on Aug. 3; and Jonty Skinner from South Africa, who entered the University of Alabama last year and won the 1975 NCAA championship with a 43.92 for 100 yards. Skinner and Coan are 6'4", Montgomery 6'5"—long and lean, all three.

Coan's brief reign as world-record holder ended even before he got to swim his preliminary heat. In the previous heat, Montgomery went all out and clocked 50.59, becoming the first man to break 51 seconds. In the finals, Coan led for the first half of the race, but the second half belonged to Skinner and Montgomery, the latter winning by an inch. Montgomery's time was 51.04. In a single day, Coan's record had been shattered three times.

"The world's fastest human afloat, yes, I was that," Coan had said early in the week. "On a day in Cali. On another day in Fort Lauderdale. But this is going to be yet another day."

Meanwhile, Bruce Furniss continued to collect points for the team title, even grabbing a fourth in the 100 free behind Coan. In his fourth individual event, the 200 individual medley, his finish was a stunner: not only did he win, he set another world record of 2:06.08, breaking by almost .3 of a second the mark held by brother Steve and David Wilkie of Scotland.

The effervescent Bruce Furniss seemed more sobered than elated by his achievements. "Sometimes I'm shocked at the things I do," he murmured. "How did I do it? I had no business winning the IM. I thought I was second. I can't read the scoreboard without my glasses." Then he added, "I was so upset after Cali. But you've got to have the valleys to make the peaks."

END

Second year event, for touring pros only, offers big money in exchange for major-tournament consideration

SITUATION WANTED: INSTANT STATUS

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Pro golf was playing the name game last week. The question was: How do you create a major championship? The Galloping Gourmet says you take succulent ingredients like diced Nicklaus and chopped Palmer, a head of rich prize money and a golf course stronger than garlic. Add such condiments as blazers and armbands, mix well and simmer for 40 years on a back burner. When done, the dish serves the world.

The trouble is that golf is trying to make a banquet out of a frozen TV dinner. Stripped of its adornment, what Al Geiberger won was a big-money tournament over a strong field on a tough course. The event was the Tournament Players Championship, something golf's hierarchy hopes to squeeze onto the major-status plateau of the Masters, the U.S. and British Opens and the PGA.

Usually the pro tour virtually ends with Jack Nicklaus winning or losing the PGA in early August. True, there might be a World Open or Walt Disney team championship to maintain sales of graphite drivers for the rest of the season, but for the most part the top players make personal appearances in Japanese drugstores or practice getting out of Istanbul sand traps for the final months of the year.

The guest list for last week's tournament was one that even Truman Capote might envy. Everyone was there except Johnny Miller, who was home nursing a sore wrist suffered when he hit the first practice ball of his career. And the course was ready—the Colonial Country Club in Fort Worth is so tough you feel like the settlers did when the Indians were circling the wagon train—but there are a few built-in weaknesses. For instance, the name is a loser. TPC sounds like a gasoline additive. And while Colonial was a good choice, last year the TPC was held

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY CARLSON

Regardless of what the TPC is called or how it is rated, Al Geiberger pocketed \$50,000.



at the Atlanta Country Club and next February it will be staged at Inverrary in Lauderhill, Fla. Both courses are of the housing-development variety. "You don't have a major championship on a course where someone's picture window is out of bounds," said one player. Also, you don't have a Wednesday pro-am, which the TPC does. Of course, time will be the final judge. After all, Bobby Jones never thought in 1934 that the ponds at Augusta National would have to be dyed blue for television.

Before the TPC began, interest focused on Nicklaus, who won last year's inaugural event. Nicklaus can't be called the General Motors of the sport anymore, because he has had a much better year than GM. Up to last week he had played in 14 tournaments. He won four and finished in the top 10 all but once. In fact, he missed the grand slam by a total of three strokes. Surprisingly, Nicklaus has never won at Colonial, a course that asks you to tackle it rather than twist its arm behind its back. The fairways and greens are small and guarded by all sorts of water and agriculture, and this year the rough was so high it almost buried the concession stands.

Colonial would seem to suit a golfer like Gary Player, except that the South African is quietly going about having the type of unobtrusive season he had when he used clubs with fiber-glass shafts. Player's best finish in a major championship this year was a tie for 30th in the Masters.

None of the other big names appeared ready to dominate. Tom Weiskopf, like Nicklaus, didn't seem to have the game for Colonial, even though he won there in 1973. But that was the only time he has finished in the top 10 on the course. And Lee Trevino said that every time he picks up his putter, it feels different in his hands.

That left people such as Gene Littler, who is having the best year of his career, although not even his wife may have noticed. Littler, like Geiberger and Lou Graham, can carry his golf bag through a crowd of fans and not get a hello. He has won three tournaments and close to \$170,000 on the tour this season, and rarely has to sign autographs. He goes about his work like a man who never heard of a hook or a slice, and with his fluid swing, he probably hasn't.

Geiberger won the 1966 PGA and became the peanut-butter man because he

munched on sandwiches he kept in his golf bag to bolster his blood sugar. But then his game began to erode. From 1969 until 1971, bothered by poor health, he finished 65th, 91st and 99th on the money list before he regained his touch. Last year he won a tournament and \$91,000, and this season he won the Tournament of Champions. He has a reputation among the players of being a leader whose hands don't sweat, and his strongest expletive is a sigh. He walks along tipping his hat as he makes birdies and pars. Wednesday at Colonial he tied the course record of 63 in the pro-am, and then apologized to his peers in the locker room because he knew that miffed tournament officials would play hide-and-seek with the pins on Thursday.

The course was playing easier, which was like saying a shark's bite will not hurt as much if he is not hungry. The Colonial National Invitation usually is staged during the spring, when a brisk wind swirls over the grounds. The greens are hard then, too, but last week they had to be kept soft and watered because Fort Worth in August is a whole lot hot. The temperature was in the high 90s most of the week, and it was humid. On Thursday the thermometer atop a bank located half a mile from the course read 106° at 4 p.m. It was so hot that Nicklaus bought a visor. With four holes to go on Friday, he saw a friend in the gallery, held up four fingers, dropped his head so his chest and stuck out his tongue to indicate he needed a shot of air conditioning.

Nicklaus had opened the tournament with a 67, just one shot behind Geiberger's leading 66, but Jack went into the water in front of the ninth green, his last of the day, double bogged for a second-round 75 and was not heard from the rest of the week. Colonial, a course that had been modified and redesigned by Ben Hogan, had beaten him again.

Geiberger added a 68 in the second round and upped his lead to two strokes, but Hubert Green and Dave Stockton moved into contention with strong rounds. Green had a 65, and Stockton a 64 that included a 30 on the front side. Stockton and Geiberger are good friends and both attended the University of Southern California.

The other big names were suffering Nicklaus' fate. Trevino had a 75 in the opening round, a number matched by Weiskopf, and started joking about withdrawing. Player could not seem to put

together two sub-par 9s, and Littler was experiencing the same frustration.

Late Friday afternoon a heavy squall hit the course and turned much of it into a creek of the nearby Trinity River. Play was suspended, and 36 of the players had to arise early Saturday morning to complete their rounds. It was a bad way to start the day.

Green was one of those who had to finish in the morning, shooting his 65, and he birdied the first two holes of the third round to move into a tie with Geiberger. But the peanut-butter man's plodding game seemed better suited to the conditions. He went into the water twice on the first nine, but he refused to get ruffled and salvaged bogeys. He added three birds on the back side and finished with a 67 for a 201 total, Colonial's 54-hole scoring record, which did not count the 63 in the pro-am.

Stockton shot a 68 and lost ground, but he was not disheartened. He remembered that a few years ago he had a nine-stroke lead early in the third round at Colonial and wound up tied for the lead at the end of the day.

Ben Hogan won at Colonial five times and finished second once. Geiberger is no Hogan, but when he has the right feeling, as he did last week, he puts the ball on the fairway and puts the ball in the hole. He looked unbeatable going into the final round.

There is a local saying that you never order tamales in a Mexican restaurant until you make certain your pet dog is still around and breathing. On the tour, the saying is you never give up while you're still got life's breath. So, Nicklaus was talking about catching Geiberger even though he was 11 strokes back. He didn't, finishing in a tie for 18th. Stockton did manage to catch the leader and twice took a one-stroke lead. But of Al looked about as flustered as a man feeding a goldfish. He birdied three holes on the back nine for a 69 and a tournament-record total of 270, winning with room to spare. Stockton was three strokes behind, humming the USC fight song.

That left only the name game. It seems presumptuous to call a tournament that contains only professionals and mostly Americans at that, a major world championship, without even a token Chinese or left-handed amateur. And so for now, the event is Mickey Rooney dressed up in an officer's uniform. In other words, a minor major.

END

WHEELING AND DEALING

Remember skateboards? They are back, and better this time around

by SARAH PILEGGI

There is a mysterious phenomenon that occurs once in a while where, by our world becomes filled, seemingly overnight, with Super Balls or Hula-Hoops or Beethoven sweat shirts. You wonder where they came from and how every kid in town found out about them at the same time, and before you have it figured out they are gone, never to be seen again except at a garage sale.

Sometimes an item that starts out looking like a 90-day wonder becomes a staple. Like the Frisbee. But generally when a fad fades, the entrepreneur with a warehouse full of, say, puka shells, had better hope an esoteric industrial use for the things turns up, because he is surely never going to sell another necklace.

Ten years ago there were a lot of warehouses full of skateboards. The fad had started in Southern California's beach towns, where kids nailed roller-skate wheels to miniature wooden surfboards and whiled away the days when the ocean was flat, scaring the daylight out of passing motorists. The craze swept inland (to Southern Californians inland is the United States east of the Hollywood Hills), and for a year anybody who could tool up fast enough made money.

That was 1965. Fifty million skateboards were sold that year. Manufacturers sponsored teams; a promoter was able to sell out a park in Anaheim at \$5 a head for what he called the International Skateboard Championships; orthopedists coined a term, skateboard fracture, for a shattered elbow. And by January 1966 it was all over. The skateboard was a good toy, but the kids had pushed it to its limits and were on to new challenges.

Today, against all odds, America is in

the grip of a Great Skateboard Revival. At least Southern California is in its grip, and, as everybody knows, what's hot in Hermosa in August will be dynamite in Des Moines by Christmas. There may be as many as two million skateboards already rolling around Southern California alone and 2,000 to 5,000 more being turned out each day, says James O'Mahoney, publisher of *Skateboard* magazine. The first pro skateboard competition is scheduled for the LA Sports Arena this month and TV may cover.

The revival began because a freshman engineering student at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Frank Nasworthy, joined a political demonstration in 1970 and was suspended from school. Nasworthy is 24 now and lives in Encinitas, Calif. He describes himself as "basically a surfer," but in the annals of skateboarding he will go down as the man who invented the wheel. Out of school and disillusioned, Nasworthy took to hanging around a small plastics company in Purcellville, Va. called Creative Urethane Inc., which was bankrolled by a company called Roller Sports, Inc. One of Creative Urethane's products was a clear, amber-colored, cast-molded polyurethane roller-skate wheel for use on rental skates at roller rinks.

The urethane wheel had been around for several years, but it had not been a great success. Though durable, it was too slow for the tastes of rink skaters, who preferred hard composition clay wheels, brittle and fast. But Nasworthy realized that a modified polyurethane wheel, with its remarkable traction, could be adapted to skateboards, making them more versatile than they were with the old wheels of steel or clay.

By 1973 Nasworthy was in California and in business, having formed the Cadillac Wheels Company on \$700 he had accumulated working in a restaurant. Creative Urethane made the wheels to his specifications, and Nasworthy began to peddle them to surf shops up and down the coast.

Most people in the surfing business recognized the possibilities of the urethane wheel immediately, and the rush was on. Metaflex, a Canadian company, developed a wheel of its own. Surfboard manufacturers began whipping out fiberglass, wood, aluminum and molded plastic skateboards, and the business of mak-

ing trucks, the metal suspension assemblies that join the wheels to the boards, burgeoned.

By word of mouth, then through ads in surfing magazines, the news spread, first to surfers, then to the bicycle set. Kids who had not been born in time for the first skateboard boom and 18-year-olds returning to a childhood pastime all had to have urethane wheels. Ten-year-olds became authorities overnight on skateboard components—boards from Bahne (pronounced hane), Hobie, Hang Ten, Gordon & Smith, Logan, Mojo; trucks by Sure Grip, Bennett, X-Caliber, Chicago; wheels from Roller Sports, Cadillac, Metaflex. And scores more.

Nasworthy, who has thrown in his lot with Bahne, one of the largest manufacturers, says that skateboarding has the potential to endure because "It's a real sport now." He assists Bahne and Hang Ten in their joint promotional efforts, specifically the hauling of a 10-ton skateboard ramp from town to town.

The ramp is 12 feet high, 24 feet wide and 150 feet long, with electrical timing gates and slalom courses laid out side by side. Two competitors, wearing crash helmets, skate the courses in two heats



for the fastest total time, the idea being to forward the causes of safety, uniform competition and, of course, Bahne, Cadillac and Hang Ten products.

"There are 200 manufacturers in the business right now," says Nasworthy. "In a year or so there will probably only be five. The big ones."

At Steve's South Bay Sporting Goods store in Torrance, Calif., four adolescents, ages 12 to 17, gathered around a glass case filled with wheels and trucks the other day. Overhead hung samples of fully assembled boards that ranged in price from \$10 to \$40, depending on their components. This day nobody was buying. Marty Edgely, 15, had a bent axle and wanted to know if Steve Urman, the shop's owner, was going to replace it free. Greg Myers, 12, was looking over trucks while standing on a skateboard fashioned from a sawed-off cross-country ski made, probably decades ago, in Auburn, Maine. Greg did not know what a cross-country ski was, or where this one came from. All he knew was that it flexed dramatically, and he had fished it out with X-Caliber trucks and Roller Sport "Stokers," the largest and apparently most popular wheels. As Greg glided out

continued



The new urethane wheels enables skateboarders to defy gravity while "riding pools." Hurdling and handstands are other popular stunts.





Bahne Skateboards is one of the largest manufacturers.

the door on his errant ski, Marty Edgely watched. "Look at him on that goofy-looking board," he sneered.

Brent Hedgecock's axle was bent, too. He said it was from "riding pools." Skateboarders talk a lot these days about riding pools. Most of them have never done it, but they have watched it in skateboarding movies and have absorbed the experience as their own. Pool riding is a spectacular stunt. It requires an empty swimming pool, the kind where the walls curve up from the bottom, and the skill to sweep seven or eight feet up those nearly vertical walls and hang for a second, face down and horizontal, before flashing down again into a recovery as breathtaking as the ride itself.

One of the most celebrated pool runners is a seraphic-looking 14-year-old, Greg Weaver of Encinitas. Weaver and 17-year-old Glenn Woodruff, another rider of the horizontal persuasion, perform exhibitions wearing the colors (T-shirts) of Hobie boards of Dana Point—the ubiquitous Hobie of surfboards, catamarans and radio-controlled gliders. In exchange, the boys and the rest of the Hobie team—or the Bahne-Cadillac team or the Logan Earth Ski team or any of the others—receive free equipment and a whole lot of glory.

It is the new, softer, polyurethane wheel that has made pool riding and a dozen other stunts possible. "The wheels are smooth and quiet, and when you turn they grip the ground," says Steve Urman. "It used to be that if a kid hit so much as a cigarette butt he and the board would go flying in separate directions. Urethane

can roll right over a rock because it displaces, it spreads the weight evenly."

With the new wheels one would assume that skateboarding into its reincarnation would be a safer sport. But this past June, Childrens Hospital of Los Angeles treated more fractures than it had during any month of its 74-year history, and the majority of them were skateboarding injuries. San Diego and several smaller cities have banned the board from streets and sidewalks, and the city of Los Angeles wiped out the already legendary Toilet Bowl, an enormous storm drain basin high

in the foothills above Universal City, by laying concrete speed bumps across its surface.

As always, though, the kids have a step or two on the city fathers. They talk of a 14-mile run in Palos Verdes where someone was clocked at 47 mph. They whisper of a long, winding downhill called Spyglass that passes through a housing development where the residents, so far, have not complained. There is the Funnel, a concrete roadbed leading to a concrete riverbed, in Gardena. There is Big Blackie, the low, blacktopped slope that rings the playground of Paul Revere Junior High in Pacific Palisades. It is said that in San Diego skateboarders even fly down the circular ramps of multilevel parking garages.

Skateboarders, both in California and along the East Coast, where the fad began to take hold about three months ago, tend to be junior high and high school students, most of them too young to drive. Skateboarding is not only their avocation but, combined with city buses, their transportation. A board has advantages over, say, a 10-speed bike. It can be carried into a movie or stashed under the stool at a hamburger stand, and it is considerably less attractive to thieves.

At Paul Revere one August afternoon Chuck Askerneese, 15, and Clyde Grimes, 16, having been kicked off Big Blackie by the school's custodian, retreated to a slope between a classroom and a covered lunch area. Askerneese uses a 340 Bahne. Grimes made his own wooden board and tries to imitate, on hard ground, the surfing style of his idol,

Larry Bertelmann of Hawaii, whom he has seen only in movies.

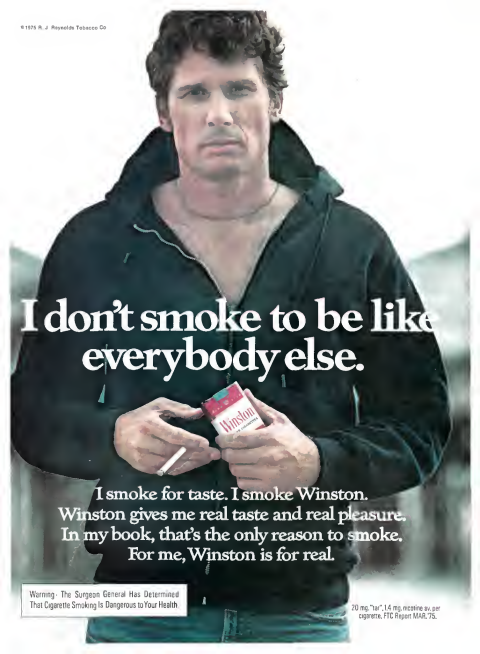
The hill they rode drops once, then levels and drops again. It is 15 feet high and 50 feet wide, with a tree growing out of its exact blacktopped center. Askerneese and Grimes swooped and crisscrossed the little hill, creeping forward and back like cats on their 27-inch boards. They rose and squatted and rose again with all the grace of good surfers. They practiced 180-degree turns, and 360s and 720s, cutbacks and snapbacks, sliders and back-and-forths until the custodian caught up with them again.

At the Funnel on a hot Saturday morning, Terry Craigmiles, nine, stood at the top of the hill watching Frank Hester, 13, sweep across the rough concrete walls that line the roadbed, making it look easy. Terry had arrived minutes earlier, had taken his first shot at the Funnel and lost. Both his forearms were scraped and bleeding.

The Funnel is dangerous, but probably less so than the streets around it. At the Funnel one risks falling. On the streets one risks a fall, a car and a cop. Some people in the business fear skateboards will be legislated out of existence as more and more streets and playgrounds are declared off limits. Others fear that low-quality equipment being sold in increasing volume to discount stores is going to nullify the advances in technology that have been made by the small manufacturers selling through surf and sporting-goods shops. And everybody fears the repetition of the Crash of 1966.

Everybody, that is, except the kids. Phil Johns still gets up at 10 at home in Harbor City and catches the bus to the end of the line at the Redondo Beach pier, just as he has every day since school let out in June. All day long, until it is time to catch the 6:30 bus back home, he does, for the enlightenment of the tourists and his peers, the things that he does best—nose wheelies, tail wheelies, sliding 360s, coffins, back-and-forths. His pants hang low on his thin hips and his skin is evenly brown except for the raw pink of his chronically peeling nose and the scabs on his splayed, dirty feet.

One of these days a tourist is going to get in his way, or a car is going to back into his path, or he will develop a case of "the high-speed wobs" coming down the Torrance Boulevard hill, but for now it feels good to be good, and consequences are for the contemplative. **END**

A man with dark, curly hair and a serious expression is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a dark, possibly black, zip-up jacket. He holds a pack of Winston cigarettes in his left hand and a single lit cigarette in his right hand. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene with trees and a building.

I don't smoke to be like
everybody else.

I smoke for taste. I smoke Winston.
Winston gives me real taste and real pleasure.
In my book, that's the only reason to smoke.
For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per
cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.



ILLUSTRATION BY C. B. SMITH

THE KID WHO RAN INTO DOORS

The phenoms we know about. But forget them. They were overrated, that's all, and we cannot cry about water finding its own level, at their having to go on to pumping gas or selling mutual funds. After all, they had their day in the sun, even if it was only a hazy day of spring: that is a freebie, one more day in the limelight than the rest of us will get. No, the ones to weep for are those who honestly had it but were denied a lifetime of fame by some sad, unlikely fate. Tony Lama died one way, Harry Agganis and Ernie Davis another. Who knows how good Connie Hawkins might have been? Herb Score could have rewritten all the record books, page after page. But for injuries Pete Reiser and Lew Hoad might have made us forget Cobb and Tilden.

And Tony DeSpirito, the late Tony DeSpirito. Most people don't even know the name anymore. Others had forgotten it until it flashed fuzzily before them, an old tune we danced to at the beach one summer, when the word came the other day that he had died, age 39. His mother found him on a Monday morning on the couch in the little apartment he rented in Riverside, R.I. For reasons nobody understands, he choked to death. That's what the autopsy determined. Probably there were too many parts inside him that were just too busted up or worn down. But only 39, that just doesn't seem fair. Especially after all the spills that nearly killed him with his boots on, all the horses' hooves running over him. He had the last rites twice. And he would come back; he even rode into 1973, but each time there was something else diminished, if never the courage.

What a waste. The late Tony DeSpirito could have been the best there ever was on a horse, the very best. He knew that himself. When he visited his chil-

dren, who had been too young to see him when he was great, sometimes he would laugh and say, "I'm the king. I am. Nobody could ever do on a horse what your father did." And there was no braggadocio to it. It was almost teasing. He just wanted his children to know, for the record. He would laugh. "The king, Donna. Your father was the king."

Even from an outside hole he could drive a horse out of the gate and put it on the engine, or from off the pace he could finish as well as Garrison or Arcaro or Cordero or any man who ever lived, and in between he rode so straight and beautifully, absolutely classically. The oldtimers say you could have put a glassful of water on the late Tony DeSpirito's back, and he would win by a nose in the last jump and never spill a drop. That is what the oldtimers say.

In 1952, when he was 16 years old, he won 390 races, more than anybody ever had before him. Everybody thought he was 17, but he had lied about his age when he quit school and went to the track. He wasn't 17 till Christmas Eve that year. He would have ridden more than 390 winners, but before he got close to the record he would just take off his mounts a day here and there and get in his latest Cadillac, of which (by the best family estimates) he owned 17 in one year's time, and go pick up some tall, big-breasted, grown woman and spend the afternoon with her.

And when people talk about the late Tony DeSpirito that wondrous year, what above all is the first thing they say, the very first thing? It is that he was brought up special from Miami to be on *Ed Sullivan* after he broke the record. That certifies it, his greatness. From age 17 it was never so good again, and all bad luck. He was just on *Ed Sullivan* the one time.

Willie Shoemaker is 43 years old. He broke DeSpirito's record the next year, 1953. This year, 1975, Shoemaker is still in perfect shape, body and mind. He has no weight problem and expects to ride another decade or more. Why not? He hits a golf ball straight for better than 200 yards and plays tennis with people like Burt Bacharach. He has had the same agent all his life. His money is in a safe place. He is not just liked and respected but damn near sainted. Not long after Mrs. DeSpirito found her oldest son dead in Riverside, Willie Shoemaker won the Belmont on Avator, and he is having one of the better seasons of his 26-year career. Willie Shoemaker, like anyone else, does not know why it is that these things happened to him and those things to the late Tony DeSpirito. He says, "Some people go through doors, Tony ran into them." Come to think of it, you can't say it any better than that.

Tony's mother has read about him in the paper so many times that she plays it back. She says, "Tony was just a hard-luck kid." Have you ever before heard a mother say that her son was a "hard-luck kid"? Probably not. But there is nothing much else to say unless you want to talk about the doors.

In the early '50s DeSpirito in the East was considered the equal of Shoemaker in the West. And DeSpirito was said to have more potential because he was stronger. DeSpirito was the one they compared to Arcaro more often; Arcaro himself thought the kid from New England would be his heir. Many people still refer to DeSpirito as "the kid." It is not that it was a nickname, they just say it unconsciously. He is 39 years old, dead in the ground, and he is still *the kid*. "Oh, you want to talk about the kid." "Lemme tell you about the kid." "I knew the kid some 20-odd years." And so forth.

This is what happens when you scale the top at age 16, and then can't ever outdo it. Athletes get frozen in time. They get attached to a certain year. *continued*

At 16, Tony DeSpirito won a record 390 races, at 39 he was dead. In between he had a lot of Coddys, a lot of ladies and a lot of bad luck

by FRANK DEFORD

People say, "Oh, yeah, that was his year." "That was Walt Dropo's year." "That was Dick Kazmaier's year." "Wasn't that Tom Gola's year?" Nobody ever says this about other people. Nobody once ever said that 1776 was Thomas Jefferson's year. Maybe just athletes have years—and very few of them—usually just the kids. Willie Shoemaker never had a year. But 1952 was the late Tony DeSpirito's year, and when we are all dead, the lot of us, when things are even, he will be able to say that he had the one thing very few others had. Maybe that is why nobody ever heard him rail at the misfortunes dealt him. At least he had a year in his hip pocket.

He came out of Lawrence, Mass., a mill town on the Merrimack River, a place out of the textbook chapter on the industrial revolution. For him it was six miles from Rock, which is across in New Hampshire and formally named Rockingham Park. His father is a little man, too. He wanted to be a rider, but never could work it out; he was out of a job at the mills when his boy started riding a great many winners around New England that spring. Mr. DeSpirito spent the balance of 1952 signing papers for the various Cadillacs; all the business with the excise taxes was a real mess, he says.

It is fascinating that everybody but one who knew the kid back then says how mature and precocious he was. For example, Pee Wee Gervais, his valet for most of 1952, says, "Tony really grew up quick. He learned the fast life pretty quick." Bob Aiello, his best friend, says, "Tony was a 16-year-old boy who was a 55-year-old man." Everybody—his parents, his friends, other riders—echoes this feeling. The one person who disagrees completely is his first wife Doris. She shakes her head and laughs that anyone could ever have thought he was grown up. "Listen, Tony was small," she says, "but he was the biggest, bravest man I ever knew. But what did he know? What did we know? We were just a couple of kids. That's all he was, a kid." We think kids are men for doing the things well that would make grown men kids again if they could do them. The late Tony DeSpirito could pick up a tab, take home a broad, trade in a Caddy and switch sticks in the stretch: so much for growing up.

The amazing thing, really, is that it didn't mess him up. It didn't. It cost him plenty of easy money, but it never did

go to his handsome head. Aiello, who is now the clerk of scales at Lincoln Downs, says, "Sixteen years old, he could write his own ticket. I'll tell you, it was more than I could have handled. He's making \$3,000-\$4,000 a week. The toast of the town. Women chasing him. He's taking bows wherever he goes. He's on *Ed Sullivan*. And always the entourage, the fair-weather friends. Sixteen, he knew all the wheeling and dealing."

That is the occupational hazard (such as it is) of being a great athlete. The ones like Shoemaker, the ones who avoid getting caught up in it, they are the exceptions. The late Tony DeSpirito wasn't anything out of the ordinary, and maybe he was a classic case; it all happened so quickly and ended so fast, a regular folk hero in his part of the world.

New England is a singular place. Everybody thinks of the South as the most distinctive American region, but since air conditioning, the people in Atlanta and Richmond are from Cleveland, and the other way around. There was never any cult about New England. In the South the thinkers wrote about the South, and glamorized it; in New England the thinkers started schools. At the time DeSpirito came to prominence New England was a place unto itself, and it still is. The people prize their own.

The North End of Boston is Italian. There are still dyed-in-the-wool Yankee fans in the North End, this affiliation going back to Joe DiMaggio and Frankie Crosetti, when the Red Sox didn't have any good *paisanos*. When DeSpirito got hot, the whole North End came in on him, and then the whole city and then New England. It wasn't just the broads, understand. The kid had the whole place at his feet.

You still will have a hard time in Beantown betting with a bookie if you want to bet more on place or show than win. This goes back to 1952 and the late Tony DeSpirito. He was on so many good horses and riding them so well that he was almost a lock to finish in the money on certain mounts. He had a one-armed agent named Wingie, so called because of his unfortunate dismemberment, who could pick and choose the best stock, and about the only time the kid didn't get the horse that figured was when another trainer could make it exceptionally appealing, laying a bill across Wingie's existing palm. So wagers were putting

fiery, say, on DeSpirito to win, and then backing that up two, three hundred place or show. People were betting the late Tony DeSpirito who had never bet so much as a bingo card at the parish before. The books were getting handled. They couldn't even win when he lost because everybody was saving. That's when they said you could only wager fifty to show if you wagered fifty to win.

The entire New England racing economy went on a DeSpirito standard. The books had to play "the comeback window." This is a term for a corrective device to deal with perverse betting: Say a horse named Irish Mother is entered on St. Paddy's Day at Suffolk. Obviously every Irishman in town is going to get five down with his bookie. Suppose Irish Mother is 20 to 1 at the track, where there isn't so much hunch money coming in. But away from the oval, maybe a quarter, a third of the books' take is on Irish Mother. At 20 to 1 they'll be wiped out if the hunch fifty scores. So they have to take a lot of Irish Mother money and run it out to the metagets, to the comeback window, and but it on Irish Mother in order to get the odds down. Well, the kid was an Irish Mother all year. Every day the bookies had to feed the comeback window just to stay square.

Playing to his audience, an old race-track announcer named Babe Rubenstein stopped calling the horse and would call the boy, instead—and where did you ever hear of that before? Desperanto, he pronounced it, and it stuck, even though the family says Desperanto. People can still remember Babe Rubenstein suddenly shouting, "... and here comes Tony DeSpirito, flying on the outside like the wind!"

Oh, what a time it must have been for a 16-year-old boy.

Having done it all, at 17 he got married. Nelson Eddy sang at the wedding. The bride was the former Doris DeCristoforo, the daughter of the chef at the Latin Quarter, a Boston nightclub. Doris was 18, pretty, stacked, brunette and a virgin. The last was especially important to the kid. "It was a nice girl," Doris says. "That's why he married me." They went to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon because that was the thing to do (it snowed), and Doris got pregnant with Donna right off the bat. And they bought a trailer to go to the tracks in. One day Tony took Doris into a bar and ordered two J&B Scotchies, hers tall with soda

cut the taste. "If you're going to be married to me, you've got to learn to drink what I do," he said.

When Doris was home with the babies he would occasionally tie one on, bust up a Caddy, maybe even get arrested for drunken driving, but it wasn't booze that did in the late Tony DeSpirito. Fast living was just his style. "As sharp as he was, he was always the type of boy who only lived for today," Bob Aiello says. "Tony was just a leave-it-or-like-it guy." He drove the big cars like his horses. Once he went out to get some Chinese food. This story sounds too good to be true, but it is. He smashed up his Caddy on the General Edwards Bridge coming back, climbed out of the wreck, hailed a cab and brought Doris the Chinese food while it was still steaming. He came through the front door smiling, actually smiling, holding aloft the food containers he had salvaged from the crash.

He made something like \$150,000 the first year and a bunch thereafter before he got hurt. For as long as they were married, good times and bad, Doris says there was never a day he didn't carry \$3,000-4,000 in his pocket. And he could be touched. A racetrack scuffer came up to Aiello a few days after DeSpirito died and said the kid had lent him a ten, who did he pay it back to? This fellow wasn't going to short a regular guy like DeSpirito, even dead. The kid never really lost his money. He just dribbled it away, here and there, on this and that. His only real investment venture was a restaurant

named Curf's Duck Farm near Boston, which he ran with his father-in-law, the chef. That cost him a bundle. The late Tony DeSpirito would come in some nights and get rid of all the paying customers so he could sit around and drink with his buddies. Most of the money just faded away, and he never regretted a penny of it.

Some of it, of course, went on the ladies. The kid was a doll. His ex-wife says he was 5'3". "Come on, Mom," says Mark, his son, who is 16 now, small and handsome like his father with exactly his mannerisms. "You know he was only 5'2". She smiles sheepishly. DeSpirito was not hung up on his height. Like Shoemaker, who is even smaller, he was perfectly proportioned, so he looked taller than he was. With his dark good looks he was even called "Brando," and he had the beautifully muscled body of a boxer. So, while there were always women, they didn't hurt his career any more than the drinking. Popular opinion aside, seldom do the ladies do an athlete in. It is not being with a lady that harms athletes. In fact, look at it this way: when an athlete is with a lady he is not out drinking with the boys. It is the *chasing* of women that is wearing, but the late Tony DeSpirito, like other sports stars, didn't have to do any chasing.

Doris realized early on that he was cheating on her. Hurt and embarrassed, she didn't press it at first. Later, whenever she would question him, he would put on a little-boy look and play inno-

cent. "He'd always tell me he was 'a victim of circumstance,'" Doris says. "It was all the guy's fault he was with, that sort of thing." She pauses and smiles at the memory. "He would actually say, 'victim of circumstance.' He'd say, 'But, Doris, I'm a victim of circumstance.'"

The ladies only ruined his marriage. It was the horrible accidents that destroyed his greatness on the track. He had too much courage—and not enough luck. He took a spill at Lincoln in 1953, and they thought he had injured a disk. He rode 311 winners that year. In 1956 they finally discovered he actually had broken his back in three places. He was almost killed when he was trampled on in the Boldams Stakes at the old Aqueduct in 1955. He came back and was almost killed when his mount broke a leg at Laurel in 1956. He came back again and was almost killed at Rock in 1958. All told, there were nine spills. He came back again and would have been dragged to death at Suffolk in 1960, but another jock, Henry Wajda, who was later killed himself at Rockingham Park, grabbed DeSpirito and held him up, just off the hooves on the first turn.

Over the years the kid lost a kidney and his spleen. He broke ribs and his back and jaw and lacerated his brain. There was so much surgery, so much pain, and a lot of pain-killers that sometimes got confused with the J&B. At 22 he called himself "washed up"; at 25 he said, "The pain, I got to call it quits." Another day he rode once more, vowing to be a jockey for "as long as I can climb on a horse." The new injuries aside, the back always troubled him and, as he got older, the weight as well. He was so muscular that he had no fat to lose. All that went was the greatness. "I can't get out of a horse what I used to," he admitted. He even quit for a year and a half and sold real estate in Florida, but he came back to what the jocks call "the whies," for the color of their work pants.

When Doris left him he went right out and married again, and after he and Ginny had a little boy, that marriage broke up, too. It truly hurt him that the second divorce kept him away from his 2-year-old, little Tony. DeSpirito hadn't had any childhood himself, and he realized for the first time that he hadn't experienced his first family's growing up, either, because he was always riding or a victim of circumstance. It hit him all the harder when his younger sister Barbara

continued





**Time is forever.
But a moment,
once passed,
is forever gone.
Except in
photographs.**



Canon

© 1989 Canon U.S.A., Inc. All rights reserved. Canon is a registered trademark of Canon Inc. in the U.S. and other countries. Canon USA, Inc. 10000 Canon Blvd., Santa Ana, CA 92705. Canon Corp., 4-1-3 Higashi-Shinjuku, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 162, Japan.

THE KID *continues*

died suddenly last year of a rare blood disease. She was 35.

In hardly more than a year Mr. and Mrs. DeSpirito lost their only daughter and their oldest son, both in their 30s. Mr. DeSpirito, with a bad heart and a bad leg (a horse kicked him in 1959, when he was trying to be a trainer), forces a smile and says, "I always thought I'd be the first one up there, but it turns out they'll be waiting for me."

There is the one boy left, young Barry. His parents are very proud of him. He lives nearby, visits often and, as Mrs. DeSpirito points out, "He's salaried." He wanted to be a jockey himself once, and during one of his retirements Tony acted as his brother's agent. But Barry wasn't that good, and, besides, Tony tried another comeback himself. Barry found his way back to the real world. Tony finally quit again for what was supposed to be the absolute last time in April 1973 and became a \$45-a-day placing judge and general factotum around the racing secretary's office at the Rhode Island tracks. "Oh, Mother of God, I kissed the ground when he went on that judging," Mrs. DeSpirito says.

Maybe the late Tony DeSpirito was never scared out there himself, but he terrified the women in his family. They knew he was just a hard-luck kid. Even when he and Doris had had arguments, when they had fights about his women, she would cry, "Tony, Tony, don't ever leave to ride before you kiss me goodbye."

His mother was even more scared. It was good that she didn't know he was planning another comeback. Mrs. DeSpirito went down as low as 72 pounds after Barbara died, and she says that after Tony died, "I'd have gone to the booty hatch" if she hadn't had Barbara's three boys to take care of, to occupy her. When Barbara died and her children came in with them, the DeSpiritos just found a bigger place in the project.

They are tiny people. In the mornings, when the three boys are at school, they sit around the living room and smoke cigarettes and watch the game shows. In the afternoon, when the boys come home, it is livelier around the house, jumping and noisy again, almost exactly as it must have been with their own three kids 25 years ago before Tony quit school and went to Rock.

He was getting ready to start all over again this summer. He had been itchy when he was sitting in high school, and

now he was itchy sitting in a puff job where they give you a pair of binoculars, call you an official and you then play second fiddle to a television camera. Of course he wanted to come back. You cannot expect an athlete to swear off performing. Reporters clustered around Shoemaker after his Belmont, but they didn't have all day because he was up in the ninth race. Too, some inconsequential allowance route. They asked him why he kept on riding. "I enjoy what I'm doing," he replied, easy enough. "I love it."

A couple of days later, at Lincoln Downs, a jock named Norman Mercer, who has been riding about as long as Shoemaker, although you never once heard of him, came back after winning the first race, \$1,500 claiming maidens. Why did DeSpirito keep on trying to ride? "How many people have a job which they really love what they're doing," Norman Mercer said. "That's why I'm still here. That was what Tony lived for." It is the same with Shoemaker.

All the time, as he worked as an official at the tracks, DeSpirito would get away now and then and go down to the jocks' room to have coffee with the other boys. He was a quiet man, sometimes moody. The other jocks, even the kids who knew little but the legend, always deferred to him and liked him because he never put on airs even though "he had been to the races and back."

In a TV world of superlatives, of greats and ails, dynasties and supers, athletes themselves tend to go the other way, to employ the most prosaic language to indicate the extreme. Thus, in team sports, the greatest compliment an athlete can pay another is to say that he is "a player." At the tracks, making the big time is merely "going to the races." And this is the jocks' room at Lincoln.

"Oh, Tony was a rider," says one.

"Tony was a race rider," says another.

And that is precisely what the late Tony DeSpirito was. Other people, though, always expect athletes to move on to other things. Why? Because we are jealous that they get to keep on playing games? If Willie Shoemaker wants to ride until he's 60, what's it to us? Why shouldn't the kid try to come back? "In Tony's mind there was never any doubt that he was the greatest rider who ever lived," says Bob Auello. "Never a doubt." So what is making weight and a bad back when you feel that way about

the one thing you can do in life? DeSpirito began to jog and bicycle to get fit. He figured to break in at Calder in Miami this summer. He prepared to move out of his apartment, the one he died in. "Well, I guess I'll go back to the whites," he told a couple of friends, and proudly.

DeSpirito had been feeling poorly off and on. He spent a couple of weeks in the hospital last winter. He would run a temperature, and they couldn't figure out why. Also, strong as he always was, there was an irony. "The one thing he couldn't ever do was ride steady, steady, steady, seven/eight/nine races a day like a lot of guys can," says Pee Wee Gervais. But there was no inkling, no premonition of death. If anything, DeSpirito was actually looking ahead for once in his life. He was going back to the whites and he was going to try to get Doris to come back with him, too.

He would always barge into her house as if they were still married, come in, make himself a J&B, use the phone, take over. One of the last times he came by, Doris was up in the bathroom, coloring her hair. That didn't stop him. He got all three kids together, and they went up and talked to her. She knew exactly what he was doing; he was trying to make it all a real family again—the five of them, Doris and Tony, Donna, Rosemarie and Mark. The kids had told her that their father was trying to enlist their support to help get her interested in remarrying him. Doris says he even bought her a big two-pound box of chocolates once, "like a kid on a first date." In the bathroom, as she went on coloring her hair, he suddenly blurted out, "You know, Doris, you did a wonderful job of bringing these kids up." He had never said that before.

But he was going back to the whites, and if he could get his nice girl back, too, why everything would be just like before, when he was so very young, standing on the threshold of being the greatest rider of all time. But of course he was 39 now, fighting weight and all the injuries, the bad back. The kid couldn't come back. Not far, anyway—maybe just a winner every now and then to tease him: *And here comes Tony DeSpirito on the outside, flying like the wind!* It is also kind that he never knew that Doris could not take him back. Doris was never an athlete. She never had a year. She had a family instead and is salaried, and she has grown up since it snowed in Niagara Falls.

END

Latest U.S. Gov't report shows:

Iceberg 100's lowest tar of all menthol 100's.

The only
menthol 100
under 10 mg. tar.



Iceberg 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

9 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 75

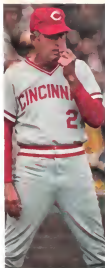
WILES OF THE WIGWAG MAN

*Photographs by
Enrica Ferrelli*

cinnati Manager Sparky Anderson must decide whether his players should swing away or take, bunt or hit and run, squeeze or steal. Once his choice is made, Anderson gives a signal to Grammas, who relays it to the batter and runner. During the five-second process, Grammas uses from eight to 15 signs, only two of which mean anything: the "indicator," which alerts the players that his next move will tell them what to do, followed by the "signal," which specifies the play to be executed. Grammas' other motions are fluff, cover-up and deception, all parts of a grand design to befuddle the opponents' sign stealers. On the next three pages is a typical—although, for security reasons, hypothetical—sequence put together for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED by Grammas. Pete Rose has led off the inning with a single and Rightfielder Ken Griffey steps up to bat. With Rose and Griffey watching him intently, Grammas wigwags the first sequence of signs, starting it with several decoys. First, he reaches for his right ear ...

CONTINUED





1) Brings his left hand to his mouth . .



2) then grabs at his right ear for more time .



3) and fleetingly interlocks his fingers.



4) A tug at his cap bill is the indicator . .

5) and the left hand to the nose signals that the play will be a sacrifice bunt.





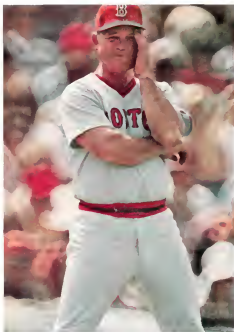
61 The best fails and a new series opens with a clap .



71 followed by other decoy moves, then the indicator . . .



81 and finally, a rub of the left elbow to signal a new play: the hit and run



if the first or third baseman charges in for an anticipated sacrifice and has a line drive remove his bridgework.

Sign stealers are always on the prowl, and third-base coaches must be on the lookout for evidence that the codebreakers have succeeded. The Reds' Alex Grammas caught the Phillies in the act when they came to Cincinnati for a series in July.

"We felt they had picked up our steal sign because they called for a couple of pitchouts," Grammas says. "So, between innings, we switched signals. Just to check up on the Phillies, the next time we had a man on first I used the old steal sign and, sure enough, they pitched out again."

One of the most respected third-base coaches, Grammas is in his 12th year on the job, 11 of them in the big leagues. Along the way he has developed signaling into a science.

"When I managed Fort Worth in the Texas League in '64 I also coached third and I perfected my technique by practicing signs in my hotel room," says Grammas, who began his coaching career after 10 seasons as a light-hitting infielder for the Cardinals, Reds and Cubs. "The most important thing is to keep signs simple. You use lots of fake moves, but you have only a few simple gestures that mean anything. That way your players don't have to worry about missing a signal and can concentrate on doing what they're supposed to do."

"If you don't use enough fake moves, the other team'll pick you clean. You've also got to be quick, and you've got to have rhythm. There are only a few plays you can use in any situation, and if you don't give your signs fast enough, the other team is more likely to decipher what you're up to."

Rhythm? "You've got to have it," Grammas insists. "If you make a few quick moves and then slow down when you give the indicator and the signal for the play, they'll stand out. You want to maintain an even tempo. You want to make it look like you're doing the same thing all the time."

Being an outstanding third-base coach requires more than mastering sign language. "Once the game begins, the most important man when it comes to making quick decisions is the third-base coach," says Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson. "He's more important than the manager. Lots of times I'll give the

wrong sign to Alex, but he always picks me up on it and gives the right one to the players. He's also taken off signs I've given him because he knew the other club was on to what we were doing. I really notice how good Alex is when I watch a new third-base coach breaking in, and I see his hesitancy in all sorts of situations. Alex doesn't hesitate because he's studied all the players and knows their abilities. I can't begin to count the runs he's scored for us simply because of his knowledge of the throwing arms of relay men. He knows the ones we can run on in certain situations."

"You can't calculate the value of a good third-base coach," says Montreal Manager Gene Mauch. "A good one develops a great sense of pride on a club because the players know they can trust him, that he doesn't make mistakes."

In addition to transmitting signs, a third-base coach is responsible for directing most of the on-base traffic. The decision to hold a runner at third rather than send him home is not made on whim. It is based on close study of players, both friends and foes.

"Ray Shore is our advance scout, and I pick up stuff from reports he sends in," Grammas says. "Lots of little things affect the outcome of a play, so I keep up-to-date on how outfielders are charging balls and how well they are throwing."

Combining this with his knowledge of the Reds' base-running capabilities, Grammas often predetermines what he wants a runner to do on a ball hit to the outfield. But even such a routine decision is subject to instantaneous change once the play unfolds.

"For example, if the ball takes a waist-high hop so the outfielder can throw quickly," Grammas says, "I'm more likely to hold a runner than if the fielder has to reach up or bend down to catch the ball."

With fractions of a second frequently the difference between a runner being safe or out, Grammas is alert to the smallest details. One of the most minuscule: if a left-handed-throwing rightfielder or a right-handed-throwing leftfielder has to move toward center field to pick up a ball, it takes a split second longer for him to release the ball because he must pivot into position before making his throw. It is just the sort of situation in which the speedy Reds, at Grammas' behest, will take the extra base.

—HERMAN WEIKOPF

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE RHYTHM

As the pictures at the left show, third-base coaches often strike odd poses. In their clandestine world, any or all of these apparently meaningless gestures could be conveying a message. Or there is always the slim chance that they actually are doing nothing more than contemplating disaster, picking a nose, loosening an errant shred of chewing tobacco or scratching an itchy ear. They also may be flashing the "takeoff" sign.

A takeoff is used when it is felt that the other team has stolen a signal. If a coach gives a takeoff, then goes through his usual rigmarole and follows the indicator with a bunt sign, the batter will know he is to disregard it. The results can shake up the opposition, particularly

Clockwise, from top left: Don Zimmerman of the Red Sox, Tom Lawless of the Dodgers, Bill Hunter of the Orioles, D.J. Niven of the Cubs

Our status symbol is under the hood, not on it.

In all candor, a BMW is not everyman's idea of an expensive automobile.

It does not scream "Money" from the top of its hood.

It is not the widest or the longest or the chromiest.

Nor does its interior resemble that of a living room.

At the Bavarian Motor Works, we contend that what makes an expensive car really worth the money is the one thing conspicuously absent from most status symbols: extraordinary performance.

The sort of performance that makes driving an end—not merely a mundane means of getting from one place to another.

Efficient power, unexcelled.

Recently, Road & Track magazine proclaimed the BMW 3-liter engine "...the most sophisticated in-line six in the world."

To BMW enthusiasts, praise such as this is taken for granted.

Yet, to the uninitiated, the turbine-like smoothness, the fuel economy and the reliable performance of the BMW 3.0Si's 3-liter, fuel-injected engine can be nothing short of amazing.

Road holding, uncanny.

If you've become accustomed to the leaning and swaying one experiences in the average car, you'll find the 3.0Si's four-wheel independent suspension system more than a bit reassuring.

Coupled with a multi-jointed rear axle, it allows each wheel to adapt instantly to every driving situation—makes driving errors safely and easily correctable.

Luxury, functional not frivolous.

With all its engineering supremacy, however, no creature comfort is left untended. Not merely for the sake of opulence, mind you, but totally engineered to prevent driver fatigue.

All seats are orthopedically designed. All controls are where you'd want them. And all instruments are instantly readable.

Expensive new, expensive used.

If the resale value of a car is any indication of its true worth, BMW is one of the soundest investments you could make. According to NADA, the official used car guide, BMW has one of the highest resale values of any car made, European or American.

In an age of mass-produced status symbols, marketing wizardry and styling breakthroughs, the engineers at BMW concentrate on building the finest driving machines it is physically and technically possible to build.

The total result is so unusual, that the editors of Motor Trend magazine flatly proclaim the BMW to be "...unexcelled among the world's automobiles."



Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.



**The ultimate
driving machine**

HOLDER

Parliament's "HOLDER" SWEEPSTAKES.

If you've been holding out for a great sweepstakes, this is the one for you! Win anything from a piano that holds your sheet music to a key case that holds the keys to a new Porsche 914. Or win any one of eight other fabulous "Holder" prizes.

You can enter as many of the ten "Holder" sweepstakes as you wish, but each sweepstakes must be entered separately. Each entry must be mailed in an individual envelope with its sweepstakes number written in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope. A letter will be sent to each of the ten winners explaining details of the prizes, and choices as to style and color when applicable.

So, read the rules carefully, get a hold of the sweepstakes of your choice and enter Parliament's "Holder" Sweepstakes today. Don't hold out a moment longer than necessary!



1. A key case that holds the keys to a new PORSCHE 914.



2. A trailer that holds a 17' CHRYSLER boat and motor.



3. A passport case that holds a trip to RIO for two.



4. A SCHMER Grand Piano that holds your sheet music.



5. A CHARMGLOW barbecue grill that holds 200 pounds of PFAELZER steak filets.



6. A pedestal stand that holds a 19" diagonal GE color TV.



7. A chest that holds service for 12 of GORHAM sterling silver.



8. A free-form stand that holds GE stereo components.

Nationwide now gives your business more of what it needs. And less of what it doesn't need.

Your Business Insurance Policies.



More Coverage. Nationwide's Business Owners Package Policy* offers over forty different kinds of coverage, all in one neat, simple policy. It protects your business against all the usual perils, Fire, wind storm, liability and crime. And many others. It can even give you inflation protection.

Nationwide's New Business Owners Package Policy.



Fewer Agents. Nationwide's Business Owners Package Policy is handled by one agent and one company, with local claims service. It makes things a lot simpler and a lot less time consuming than working with different insurance companies and different agents.



Less Cost? In most cases, Nationwide's Business Owners Package Policy can save you money over the cost of buying separate policies. Which means you save administrative expenses, too. Because the less policies you have, the less time you'll need to spend with them.



**NATIONWIDE
INSURANCE**

Nationwide is on your side

*Approved in most states. Permission applied for in others. Not available in Miss., N.C., Texas.

Nationwide Mutual Insurance Co. • Nationwide Mutual Fire Insurance Co. • Home Office: Columbus, Ohio

The Cleveland Indians, in the words of another team's broadcaster, are composed mostly of players who this season "were supposed to do a lot but have done very little." Much of what success and consolation the Indians have had derives from two players, neither on the team last year, who were supposed to do little but have done a lot—Boog Powell, one of the oldest men on the roster, and Rick Manning, next to the youngest. (The youngest is Dennis Eckersley, one month Manning's junior, who has been the team's most effective pitcher.)

On May 4 Cleveland had a 10 and 10 record. The Indians haven't reached .500 since. Among players from whom much was expected, Charlie Spikes was batting .213 when the team went into Kansas City last weekend; he hit .271 in 1974, Oscar Gamble was at .251, only slightly higher than his hairdo. Last year he hit .291. John Ellis, a .285 hitter in 1974, was at .233. Even Rico Carty's respectable .303 was 60 points below what he batted for the Indians in 33 games last season.

On, then, to the silver lining: Manning, 20, is *crowding* .300 and leading the team in stolen bases; Powell, 34, after a poor 1974 season, is batting better than .300 and leading the team in home runs with 21 and RBIs with 69.

Boog, the big fella who was the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1970 at Baltimore, where he was an ally of his present manager, Frank Robinson, attributes his resurgence to the elementary fact that he is playing more. In 1974 he batted .265, hit only 12 homers and drove in a mere 45 runs. "Last year at Baltimore I sat around and didn't do anything," he says. "Somehow I got in the doghouse. It got so Earl Weaver only played me against certain righthanders. I discovered I was getting too good at pitching batting practice and shagging balls and doing all the other things you do when you aren't playing. I found I was even getting placid about not playing. But I never thought I was washed up. I felt super physically and wanted to play."

When the Orioles told Powell last winter that he didn't figure in their plans, as a 10-year man he had a right to veto any trade. But he readily agreed to go to Cleveland with Pitcher Don Hood for Catcher Dave Duncan. Although there are five weeks left in the season, Powell already has almost as many at bats as all last season in Baltimore. "Mainly I've

Getting a belt out of Boog

That's Cleveland 1975—and a kid named Rick Manning doesn't hurt

been more consistent," he says. "That's not like me. Usually I'm a streak hitter, but I haven't had a real hot streak." Says Herb Score, now a broadcaster for the Indians, "I shudder to think where we'd be without him."

Manning, who might be Rookie of the Year were it not for a pair of phenomenal Red Sox named Lynn and Rice, is called Arch by his teammates, a consequence of the greater fame of the New Orleans Saints' quarterback. Manning may get the Rick back soon. "When he knows the pitchers better he will consistently hit from .330 to .330," says Robinson. "He is in center field to stay." Score calls Manning "the sort of baseball player you love to see come up. He doesn't know how to take a short step." Says Kansas City's double-no-hit pitcher, Steve Busby: "As soon as he learns to recognize more quickly the pitches he can handle best, he will consistently hit over .300." "He plays center field like Paul Blair," says Powell. "That tells you how good he is. He and Eckersley are nice kids off the field but on it they are cool and calculating, like most great ballplayers." Score mentions another trait he says the best players possess. "Manning has no emotional highs and lows. They are what tear up ballplayers."

Robinson admires the shallow center field that Manning plays. "It not only indicates his speed, it proves also the confidence he has in himself. The young outfielders, most of 'em, they play it safe and deep." Says Manning, "The reason I play shallow is because bloop singles offend me. I can't stand them."

One of five brothers who played kid-league ball under the managership of their father in Niagara Falls, Manning



was Cleveland's first-round pick in the 1972 draft. The Indians signed him for \$65,000 and had him at Reno in 1972 and 1973 and at Oklahoma City in 1974. He had been a shortstop, but soon after he reported to Reno he was switched to the outfield, where it was figured he could make better use of his speed. Manning was sent back to Oklahoma City this spring, but was called up May 23 and after playing both left and right fields was moved to center. He has batted consistently near .300. "I can't remember having more than two days in a row when I went 0-for," says Manning.

"When I signed at 17," he says, "I thought of baseball only in terms of the major leagues. I thought about the flying and staying at the good hotels and all that big meal money. Mostly what playing in the minors does for you is to teach you that the only place to play is in the majors. I said to myself, 'Once I get my foot in that major league door, there's

continued

no way I am coming back down."

Against Kansas City last Thursday night Manning showed his speed and good arm. In the first inning he hit a grounder on the lively artificial turf that reached Second Baseman Cookie Rojas quickly, but Manning was only a step and a half from beating the throw. After walking in his next appearance, he went all the way from first to third on a dinky single over second base, going into third standing. The Royals filled the bases in their half of the inning with none out. Playing shallow, Manning caught Fred Patek's hard smash and pegged straight and hard to home plate, holding Tony Solanta at third. A double play ended the inning and, as it turned out, Kansas City's chance to win the game. In the ninth Manning hit a checked-swing roller to George Brett at third. Brett, obviously underestimating Manning's speed, charged the ball a bit lackadaisically, and Manning beat it out, thereby avoiding an 0-fer. "Fielders learn in a hurry that you can't nonchalant Arch," says Powell.

True, Manning and the big fella are having the sort of years that turn bull-players into optimists. Indeed, both claim that by season's end Cleveland will have taken third place away from the Yankees.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 17-23)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST For the Pirates it was Ru- bushka Power, for the Phillies it was raw power and for the Cardinals it was the power of persuasion as all three teams won four of six. Back home after a 2-12 road trip, the Pirates were spurred on by bebushka-waving fans, and won four in a row. Jerry Reuss got them started by squelching the Giants 4-0. The Phillies tied the Pirates for first for one day, beating the Braves 6-3 behind Mike Schmidt's 27th and 28th homers. Trailing the Padres 5-1, the Phillies again muscled up for a 6-5 verdict as Schmidt and Richie Allen homered. Willie Davis was back in the Cardinal lineup after five days of persuasive discussion to straighten out alimony payments. He hit .529, Bake McBride .440 and John Denny beat Atlanta 8-1 and 7-2.

New York's Tom and Jerry act was productive. Tom Seaver (18-7) won twice, and Jerry Koosman, relieving for the first time in three years, saved two games for the Mets, who split six.

Chicago (3-3) came up with a distinctive Mr and Paul brother pitching combination when Rick and Paul Reuschel whitewashed L.A. 7-0. Rookie Paul pitched the final 2½ innings after Rick got a blistered finger. It was the first time brothers had ever teamed up for a shutout. Jose Cardenal tormented the Astros, getting four hits in an 11-7 win and then wrapping up a 6-5 scrap with a successful suicide squeeze in the 11th.

Montreal (4-4) made 12 errors to bring its total to 146 in 126 games. But the Expos were faultless in a 3-1 defeat of the Dodgers. Nate Colbert tied the score with a pinch homer in the ninth, Bob Bailey saved it when he reached into the left-field seats to turn a home run into an out in the 11th and Larry Parrish settled it with a two-run homer in the 12th.

PIT 71-66 PHIL 80-57 ATL 90-63
NY 66-61 CHI 80-62 MONT 54-72

NL WEST Saturday was a big day for Mike Sadek, a reserve catcher for the Giants (1-4). Before a game against the Mets he was a bubble gum-blowing contest with a 12½-inch sphere. "Your gum's got to be solid and strong, yet light and yielding," Sadek said. "You must get an even flow of air and get yourself psychod up while remaining cool under pressure. I practiced hard for two days. I was ready." Sadek was also ready in the last of the ninth, when he came up with the bases full and the score 1-1. Four pitches later he wangled a game-winning walk.

For Cincinnati (3-4), though, things got gummed up a bit. After taking two games and stretching their winning streak to nine the Reds managed just five runs in their next four games and lost them all. Dave Concepcion broke a bone in his right wrist and Johnny Bench was bothered by an arthritic shoulder. After going 0 for 20, Bench connected for a three-run homer as the Reds outslugged the Pirates 12-7. Also encouraging was the return of left-hander Don Gullett, who pitched for the first time since breaking his right thumb on June 16. Gullett was unscathed upon in five innings against St. Louis before developing a blister on his pitching hand, and was credited with a 3-2 win.

Burt Hooton, who was 0-2 with the Cubs early in the year, improved his record as a Dodger to 12-7 with two wins. Mike Marshall saved both decisions for him and had a third save as he tossed 9½ innings of three-hit, runless relief before losing 5-2 to Montreal in his sixth appearance of the week.

Atlanta's new shortstop, Rob Beloit, continued to hit. Beloit batted .429 and in a 9-5 defeat of the Cardinals had four RBIs. With the score 4-all in the ninth against the Phils, Beloit singled and scored the deciding run when Dave May hit a two-run pinch homer.

For San Diego (3-4) the timeliest hit was a three-run, tie-breaking double by Enzo Hernandez that finished off Montreal 8-6. But Mike Ivie managed to sprain his back while popping up and was put on the disabled list.

James Rodney Richard of Houston (3-3), a 6'8", 220-pounder, finally got it all together, blanking New York 4-0. That proved to be Preston Gomez' final game as manager; he was replaced by Bill Virdos. Cliff Johnson homered in four straight games, one a madcap 14-12 triumph over the Cubs, and also doubled in the clutching run in the 10th as the Astros toppled the Mets 5-4.

CH 84-83 LA 88-60 SF 82-68
SD 88-60 ATL 87-72 HOU 88-82

AL EAST The Indians and Tigers may not have the last laugh, but at least they had a few chuckles last week. Detroit (4-2), which ended the previous week by snapping its celebrated 19-game losing streak, won its first three games. "What's the record for consecutive victories?" inquired one Tiger wag. Detroit then lost twice before slipping past Minnesota 6-5 in 12 innings when Aurelio Rodriguez hit his second homer of the day and the Tigers' fifth. Cleveland (6-1) had the best record of any team in either league and rookie Rick Waits and Fritz Peterson were two-time winners. Waits hurled seven innings of shutout relief as the Indians overcame the Rangers 4-3 and then, in his first major league start, downed the Royals 7-1. Given abundant batting support, Peterson frolicked past the Twins 14-5 and the Royals 9-5.

Milwaukee's Henry Aaron all but said this would be his final season when he stated, "You can only milk a cow so long, then you're left holding the pail." As for the rest of the Brewers (0-7), they were pale indeed.

New York (2-4) ended a five-game losing skid when Catfish Hunter put down California 5-2 for his 17th win.

Boston (3-3) slowed down a trifle but beat Chicago 4-3 on Denny Doyle's 11th-inning hit and trimmed K.C. 5-0 as Bill Lee won for the 16th time. But injury-prone Carlton Fisk was sidelined when a foul tip split the ring finger of his right hand and Rico Petrocelli was out on the disabled list because of an inner-arm problem.

Jim Palmer of Baltimore (4-3) pitched his third shutout in his last four starts and ninth of the year when he stifled Texas 4-0 for his 19th win. He later hurled 12 innings against the Rangers and gave up just five hits but left with the score 2-2. Brooks Robinson doubled in the go-ahead run in the 14th as the Orioles finally won 4-2. And Mike Torrez notched his 15th, beating Texas 8-5.

WOB 78-81 BAL 80-87 NY 64-82
CLEV 88-66 MIL 86-72 DET 87-78

continued

You've earned your stripe



...when you can look forward to being forty.

...for finally admitting to yourself that you take better pictures with your Brownie than with your fancy reflex camera.

...because at a staff meeting you noticed you're wearing unmatched socks, but you put your feet on the desk anyway.

...because you chose your Scotch for value.

And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.

GREEN
STRIPE

*By Appointment to H.M. the Queen
J & G Stewart Ltd*



*Suppliers of Scotch Whisky
Edinburgh*

USHER'S
(EDINBURGH)
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Dick Salisbury is down in the dumps...

He's a guy who spends a lot of time in the dumps, but he has good reason to be happy while he's there.

Dick Salisbury deals in steel cans, which we all know as tin cans. He is Vice President and Chief Operating Officer of Los Angeles By-Products Co., a firm that combs the garbage in major California cities for a half billion steel cans a year. In San Francisco, for example, his magnetic separators recover steel cans from garbage at the rate of 10,000 tons per year.

L.A. By-Products also operates steel can recovery facilities in Oakland, Sacramento and Contra Costa Counties. Since steel cans are magnetic, it is easy to pull them out of municipal garbage by the millions.

These reclaimed cans are sold to nearby copper mines for use in a chemical process that recovers copper from low grade ore.

Steel cans are magnetically recovered in more

than 20 cities across the nation. In addition to their use in copper mining, they are remelted to make new steel, used in the production of ferro-alloys, or definned. As a result of recent research, they will soon be used by the foundry industry as well.

Recovery and recycling of steel cans does more than simply preserve our natural resources. It saves valuable landfill space. It also conserves energy. And it puts cash in municipal treasuries.

Sure, Dick Salisbury and his men are down in the dumps, but they can manage a smile.

If you are down in the dumps about garbage, maybe we can help cheer you up, too.

For more information write, Tinplate Producers,
American Iron and Steel Institute,
1000 16th Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036.

but he's never been happier.



Tinplate Producers,
American Iron
and Steel Institute



AL WEST Minnesota Third Baseman Eric Soderholm started the week on top of the world by slugging his 10th and 11th homers. Then he sampled the bottom. Soderholm fell into a sewer hole while inspecting some property he had bought near Burnsville, Minn., broke two ribs and will be out for the rest of the season. Brought up to replace him was Dave McKay. Before joining the Twins McKay was urged by Tacoma teammate Rick Renick to "hit a homer your first time up like I did." And just as Renick had done seven years earlier, McKay homered in his first big-league at bat to help the Twins (3-3) defeat the Tigers 8-4.

"We're still trying to catch Roger Maris," said Angel Manager Dick Williams. California's 43 home runs in 129 games was the lowest total in the majors and put them 14 games behind Maris' 61-homer pace of 1961. Last week the Angels (3-3) did get five homers, all during a three-game sweep of the Brewers. The Angels, who had not had two homers in a game for seven weeks, accomplished that feat two days in a row. Both times their unaccustomed power resulted in 5-4 wins, first when Lee Stanton cracked a three-run drive in the last of the ninth and then when Mike Wiley cleared the fence in the 15th. Adrian Garretts homered in a 6-1 victory in which Nolan Ryan punched for the first time in 12 days. Ryan, who went 7 1/2 innings and got the win, gave up just three hits and one run, struck out nine and retired 19 batters in a row during one span.

Rich McKenney, Tommy Harper, Larry Haney, Jim Holt and Ted Martinez. All of them got into the starting lineup for the A's, who were hampered by assorted injuries. Still, Oakland (5-2) kept winning. Billy Williams, hitless in 15 previous trips to the plate, had four hits, including his 17th and 18th home runs, as the A's defeated the Brewers 9-3. Oakland's redoubtable relievers continued to excel. In 22 innings they yielded just one earned run and 15 hits, walked four, struck out 16 and chalked up a win and four saves. Ken Holtzman was the only starter to go the route, beating Milwaukee 5-2 for his 15th victory.

"It ain't going to happen again," said Manager Whitey Herzog as he promised Kansas City would not collapse the way it did a year ago. Nonetheless, the Royals (2-4) began to crumble, and fell 8 1/2 games behind the A's.

Chicago (5-2) regained third place from Texas (2-5). Jim Kaat of the White Sox beat the Yankees 2-1 for his sixth sub-two-hour game and 18th win and Rich Gossage earned his 19th and 20th saves. Ferguson Jenkins became a 15-game winner for the Rangers when he muffed the Orioles 1-0.

OAK 76-50 KC 66-67 CHH 63-64
TEX 62-67 MINN 66-66 CAL 56-71

VIVITAR INTRODUCES A REVOLUTIONARY IDEA IN 35mm SLR CAMERAS.



A SENSIBLE PRICE.

Vivitar. Get the good news at your photo dealer. And let him tell you about the famous Vivitar reputation in the photographic world.

Model 700 SLR. Price \$199.95. Vivitar is a registered trademark of Vivitar Corporation, San Jose, California. © 1981 Vivitar Corporation.

The 700-mile Giveaway.

Introducing our Thrifty Weekly "700".

You pay one low, flat weekly rate. And there's no mileage charge at all, up to 700 miles a week.

For example, you can drive up to 700 miles a week in a new Chevy Vega or similar and pay only \$82.95.*

And, of course, if you need a car for less than a week, you can still take advantage of our "100" Special. On that plan you can drive a Chevy Vega up to 100 miles per day for only \$14.95*.

With either Special, you



choose from a range of Chevrolets or other new cars. Larger cars slightly more. Pay only for the gas you use.

Next trip, reserve any

size Thrifty car in advance. For out-of-town reservations or information see your travel agent, or call 800-331-4200 toll-free. (From Oklahoma call collect 918-664-8841.)



800-331-4200

For local service, call the Thrifty office in your city.

For even greater savings companies should investigate our Special Account Plan.

THRIFTY RENT-A-CAR
In all 50 States, Canada and Europe.

All the way with Tampa Bay

The Rowdies took the NASL title, beating the Portland Timbers 2-0

Eddie Firmani is a South African with an Italian father and an English mother, and he is the coach of the Tampa Bay Rowdies. He is best known in Italy, where he spent some of his most fruitful playing years. When he arrived there, the Italian fans dubbed him *Il Tacchino* (the Turkey) because of the funny way he flapped his elbows when he ran. Then when they saw the even funnier way he behaved after he scored—as if he were almost bored with it all—they changed his name to *Il Tacchino Frenato* (the Cold Turkey). And when Firmani started scoring goals in bunches they had to change his name again, to *Il Tacchino d'Oro* (the Golden Turkey). Well, last Sunday the Golden Turkey was only *d'oro*. In leading his Rowdies to the North American Soccer League championship over the Portland Timbers, 2-0, and coaching them to shutouts in the previous two playoff games, Firmani proved he is no *tacchino*.

This is the third consecutive year that an expansion team has been the NASL champion, which was a foregone conclusion, because Portland is also an expansion team. But while Firmani had six months to form the Rowdies, the entire Portland team had been put together in a matter of days. Barely a month before the season began in early May, there were no Timbers at all. Coach Vic Crowe, a lean, square-jawed, redheaded Englishman, had not been hired until March, and he spent the month of April frantically signing players. Crowe brought the newly formed Timbers to the U.S. a mere four days before their opening game, and they were shut out before 8,131 fans. After the game Crowe found time to take care of the formalities—such as introducing his players to each other—and then they got their act together. They won the rest of their 12 home games, and for the last one, the semifinal against St. Louis, there were 33,503 spectators, many of whom waited for hours in the rain to buy tickets.

Sunday's championship was played before a crowd of 17,009 in San Jose's tree-ringed Spartan Stadium, and no one knew whether to call it the Soccer Superbowl, the Super Soccerbowl or simply the Soccer Bowl. Whatever, the teams seemed perfectly matched for a championship. They had identical season rec-

ords of 18-6, including two playoff wins apiece. Portland had 138 points, Tampa Bay 135. Tampa Bay was second in the league in offense, Portland third; they were tied for first in defense. Against common opponents their records were nearly the same. There was only one statistic that would give a clue to the outcome: Tampa had outscored its opponents by 29-10 in the second period.

The biggest difference between the teams was in style. Portland uses a deliberate, ball-control offense, while Tampa Bay plays a more wide-open game, largely to please American spectators, which it certainly does.

Portland had played on Spartan Stadium's small field twice before, which led Crowe to consider the Timbers the home team; but apparently he forgot to tell the local fans. He also forgot to tell Krazy George, who is mild-mannered enough until he gets near a bass drum and a peevish soccer crowd, whereupon he is transformed into a rabble-rouser worthy of his name. Portland's first regular-season game with the San Jose Earthquakes had been a wild affair in which there were three ejections and five cautions, and in that game the Portland fans had made an imprudent move: they got on the wrong side of Krazy George. It was the cup of beer over his head that did it. Krazy George doesn't forget. On Sunday he democratically divided his time between the two teams, but he rooted for the Rowdies with more energy.

The first period was scoreless. Partway into the second, Firmani decided that Left Fullback Malcolm Linton was slowing down, so he substituted Arsene Augustine, a 6'3", 185-pound, gap-toothed Haitian who had been discovered playing for a semipro team in New Jersey,

and had been a Rowdie only since July. So there he was hanging around in front of Portland's goal when Tampa Bay's top scorer, Derek Smethurst, suddenly flipped the ball to him. Augustine usually likes to shoot long, but he shook off his surprise and slammed the ball toward the goal with a powerful left-footed kick from 30 yards out. The ball nicked the crossbar and went in.

Then with just 2:32 left, Tampa Bay put the game away on a 35-yard unassisted drive by Clyde Best, a Bermudian on loan from West Ham United, an English First-Division team. When he got within 10 yards he kicked the ball on the dead run past both Portland defender Graham Day and Goalkeeper Graham Brown, who were left sprawling. Portland had threatened four times in the last 12 minutes, but couldn't score, partly because of some fine goalkeeping by Paul Hammond.

Hammond plays for a Third-Division team in England and is not even a regular. "I think he is one of the best goalkeepers in England," Firmani said, "but he doesn't get credit for it."

Still, the Most Valuable Player award went to defender Stewart Jump of Tampa, who had the rugged assignment of hounding Portland's top scoring threat, Peter Withe. Only once did Withe get open for a reasonable scoring chance, and then Hammond was able to make the save.

The game's big mystery was the non-appearance of Tampa Bay defender Farukh Quraishi, the only player from either squad to make the All-NASL first team, which was chosen by the players. Quraishi was born in Iran and raised on soccer in England, but he attended Oneonta (N.Y.) State. He nearly lost a leg in a bicycle accident, but still became a three-time All-America. He had played in all but one of the regular-season games, but had been benched by Firmani for the playoffs, an unpopular move in Tampa.

"I guess my making the All-NASL team is a hollow honor," Quraishi said, unable to conceal his disappointment. "But I can't argue with the coach. The ends justify the means. I guess he knows what he's doing."

Which, in their own way, is all the Timbers were saying.

END

Why Rabbits are multiplying like rabbits.

Big Hatchback

A nice handy rear opening that leads to a fold-down seat, giving you more leg space room than you'll find in the trunk of the biggest Cadillac. All at no extra charge.

Great Acceleration

Poppy Little bit of Benz. At 50 mph only 8.2 seconds. That's quicker than a Monza.

Interior Room

Extra room for your head, shoulders, knees and toes. The Rabbit has more interior room than a Buick Wildcat.

Visibility

These smooth overall glass areas and visibility in our Little Rabbit have no huge Lincoln Mark IV.

38 Mpg

In the EPA's acceleration test, the Rabbit comes out 38 mpg on the highway, city 24, city 24.

Rock-and-pinion Steering

The same steering system that's in many expensive sports cars. You feel in complete control, especially on tight right turns.

VW Owner's Security Blanket

Your Rabbit is backed by the most advanced new coverage plan in the auto motive industry. The VW Owner's Security Blanket with exclusive Computer Analysis.

Safety Features

3-point seat belt, a reel front seat belt, a break-away double-jointed steering column, negative steering roll radius, etc. (see your dealer for more details).

Easy to Service

Plugs, points, distributor etc. are all out in the open, for easy access.

Independent Rear Axle

Another VW design, with independent struts, a rear axle gives you more control when driving on uneven, rough roads.

Dual Diagonal Braking

It's nice to know you always have the added protection of a back-up braking circuit.

Front Wheel Drive

As true as only two Detroit cars, the Eldorado and Toronado, the Rabbit has front wheel drive for superior tracking stability.

**The Amazing
VW Rabbit**

The car that sent Detroit back to the drawing board.

*75 EPA BUYERS GUIDE

Oh, that 200-yard run!

Hanging up his typewriter after 26 years in and around the NFL, the author recollects the best game, the best plays and the best players

In 1949, the year I went to work for the Los Angeles Rams as an assistant publicity director, Norman Van Brocklin was a rookie quarterback. He was paid a \$750 bonus for signing and his salary was \$12,000 a year. He was probably the NFL's highest-paid rookie.

Now, a little more than 26 years later, the Dutchman is in temporary retirement, I am only a few days away from retiring from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Joe Namath has signed a new contract with the Jets for \$450,000 a year. That is only a little less than the Rams lost during the 1949 season.

Van Brocklin was one of the five best quarterbacks I have ever seen; Namath was superb for two years and may be again, but even in these inflationary times he is not worth 30 or 40 times more than Van Brocklin was.

Since I feel that ticket prices are already too high and TV revenue is probably approaching the maximum, it seems to me the only way for many clubs to survive is by cutting salaries. This won't affect the game. Over the past 26 years the quality of play has been diluted as a direct result of the increase in the number of teams.

In 1950, there were 13 professional football teams, 32 players per team, a total of 416 of the very best players. In 1975 there are 37 teams, with 38 and 43 players per team for a total of 1,536 players. The colleges are not producing significantly more qualified players, so 1,320 of these men would not have made a pro football club in 1950.

There are as many stars as ever, but they are spread more thinly. The Dolphins dominated the league with five or six; when the Packers were in their prime they had 10 or 12; and when the Rams played the Browns in the 1950 championship game, *both* teams had starting lineups comprised almost completely of players who would be stars today.

The Cleveland quarterback was Otto Graham; the Rams had All-Pro Bob Waterfield and All-Pro-to-be Van Brocklin. The wide receivers were Mac Speedie and Dante Lavelli for the Browns and Elroy Hirsch and Tom Fears for the Rams. With the exception of Speedie, all are in the pro football Hall of Fame. Running backs? Dub Jones and Marion Motley for the Browns, Glenn Davis, Vitamin Smith and three 225-pound fullbacks, Dick Hoerner, Dan Towler and Tank Younger, for the Rams.

The total payroll for the Browns and the Rams—per team—was probably less than Namath's \$450,000. And there were three quarterbacks in the game who over their careers were better than Namath.

It was the best football game ever played—better than the 1958 Colts-Giants title game—the Browns winning 30-28 in the last 28 seconds on a Lou Groza field goal. The score is another indication of what has gone wrong with pro football since then.

In that game super players played against super players *head to head*. All the coverage was man to man. The Rams had averaged almost 40 points a game that year. They gave up more than 25 points per game because, head to head, a great receiver will more often than not beat a great defensive back. The receiver knows where he is going and how he is going to get there—the defensive back can only react, a split second later. Given passers like Graham, Waterfield and Van Brocklin, the receiver—if he is a Fears, Hirsch, Speedie or Lavelli—will win the duel.

Great receivers will beat the zone coverage that is prevalent today, but not deep and not often. One of the most pleasant memories I have of pro football is Elroy Hirsch going down the sideline, and 60 yards downfield taking a pass over his head from Waterfield or Van Brocklin, a couple of steps ahead of the de-

fensive back, the ball dropping in on a dime, the back well beaten and Hirsch gone for the touchdown. At \$18,000 a year.

Hirsch, Raymond Berry and Tom Fears were the best receivers, for different reasons. Hirsch had everything: extraordinary speed, the best moves I have seen, hands like a glue pot and eyes in the back of his head. Fears had everything Hirsch had except speed. Berry did not have much speed, but he had hands and head and desire, and he spent so much time working at his job that he overcame his handicap.

Incidentally, Fears made the best run I have ever seen. Two of the best, actually. He may have been the most reliable pressure player of all time. The first one was against the Bears in a divisional playoff. He caught a dink pass just over the line of scrimmage from Waterfield. The Bears had 14 shots at him on the tortuous shifting run he made for the touchdown.

The other great run was in the 1951 championship game against the Browns, when he caught a pass between Tom James and Cliff Lewis, the safeties, and went 73 yards for a touchdown that won that game. Fears was not as fast as either James or Lewis—except on that play.

To go back to the quarterbacks, the five best were, in order, Van Brocklin, John Unitas, Bart Starr, Waterfield and Fran Tarkenton. Technically Otto Graham was as good as any of them, but he never directed a team. His coach, Paul Brown, called the signals.

The keys to judging quarterbacks are the teams they beat, when they beat them and how many games they won. Namath has most often beaten teams with less than a .500 average. Van Brocklin beat good teams when he had to beat them, as did Waterfield, Unitas, Starr and Tarkenton.

The best running back who ever lived was Jim Brown. He may have been something less than the best man who ever lived, but he could carry a football further and better than anyone.

He played at 6'2" and 228 pounds, but he ran with the speed of O. J. Simpson and he never got hurt. He had an odd gliding stride, his feet never far off the ground and, after he retired, he told me that his stride accounted for his not being injured.



VAN BROCKLIN, THE BEST QUARTERBACK

"I never took the impact of a tackle on one leg," he said. "When I got hit I could plant both feet so I didn't get any knee injuries. You read about high knee action for a running back, and that's a lot of bull. You lift your knees high, and there's only one knee takes the shot and something has to go.

Lenny Moore, who played for the Colts, was nearly as good as Brown, and he ran with his knees coming up to his belly button, and he didn't get hurt that much. Hugh McElhenny, the old 49er, combined the two styles. He was probably the most exciting runner to watch. His biggest asset was his ability to change direction without loss of speed. He had Brown's glide and Moore's ability to step over tacklers, and his own sixth sense which warned him of trouble. If by some magic I could see one run again I'd like to see McElhenny's dramatic run against Detroit in the 1957 playoff game between the 49ers and the Lions.

He crossed the field three times, sometimes stopping to let tacklers pass in front of him, turning against the grain in a split second, accelerating to pull away from a tackle and, once, bulling over a tackler. He ran 71 yards downfield, but his total yardage was about 200. He was finally forced out of bounds, exhausted, on the Lion nine-yard line. It was a lovely thing to see.

Sarc, O.J. is a super running back and Larry Csonka is a tank, but O.J. does it on speed and Csonka on strength. Brown and Moore and McElhenny did it on strength and speed and finesse. They were more fun to watch.

It is hard to pick out offensive linemen, those anonymous players, but I will always remember the Packer pulling guards—Fuzzy Thurston and Jerry Kramer. They were the most visible of all offensive linemen and the animating force behind—or in front of—the Green Bay power sweep that made Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung All-Pros. The Green Bay offensive line was probably the best ever put together, and the best individual performance was Forrest Gregg's against Deacon Jones in the 1967 conference championship with the Rams. In that game Gregg shut out the fearsome Deacon.

"We had to make him shy about getting in on Start," Gregg said after the game. "I blocked him aggressively and we ran at him at first. So on the sweeps I took him head-on until he began to hesitate on the pass rush. Then when we started to throw and he started to come, I knew his routes, but he didn't come with reckless abandon, which is the thing he does best. So I could handle him. I was lucky it all worked out."

Deacon and Gino Marchetti were the most capable defensive ends, and very few tackles handled Deacon the way Gregg did on that cold afternoon in Milwaukee; even fewer ever handled Marchetti, who was bigger than the Deacon.

Gino was smart, too. I don't remember any really good pro football players who weren't. Gino is now a multimillionaire with a chain of drive-in restaurants, but while he was playing he had an undeserved reputation as a dummy, probably engendered by Art Donovan, who was a defensive tackle during Baltimore's championship years.

Once, while the team was riding the bus in from the San Francisco airport, Art pointed out the University of San Francisco campus to the players.

"That's where Gino went to school," he said in his oddly high voice. "When he graduated they retired his grades."

Art was a fine defensive tackle, but I think the best were Bob Lilly of the Cowboys and Mean Joe Greene of the Steelers.

Linebackers? There is no way to



JIM BROWN, THE BEST RUNNER OF ALL

choose among Ray Nitschke, the old Packer, Tommy Nobis of the Falcons and Dick Butkus of the Bears in the middle. The quickest and toughest corner linebackers were Ted Hendricks, now with Oakland, and Dan Currie, another Packer. But you could make a good case for Dave Robinson of the Packers and Pittsburgh's Jack Ham.

Willie Wood, the nose coach of the Philadelphia team in the NFL, and Emlyn Tuttle, who died not long ago, were the best safeties; Herb Adderly and Night Train Lane were the best cornerbacks.

But, of course, all of this is subjective. Maybe the players I think were the best happened to have good days when I saw them; another observer could come up with an entirely different set of players and his choice would be just as valid.

I think the game has slowed down; somehow, it has to get back to the old concept of man on man. From time to time, I have offered suggestions on how to get rid of zone defenses, but the zones are still with us and probably will be as long as coaches follow their conservative ways.

It doesn't make that much difference, really. The game is here to stay and it lives on players, not rules.

There will be as many great players in the next 26 years as there were in the last.

I hope I get to see them.

END

He's tops, by Jiminy

Led by a cricket of a coach, the U.S. eights defend their title

Allen Rosenberg, the U.S. national crew coach, is a giant whom nature has cast in a deceptively small mold. He seems even shorter than his 5'11", mostly because of the company he keeps. Folks are always looking down at Rosenberg, as well as up to him, saying things like, "You are an amazingly courageous man," or "I have never known anybody able to communicate more effectively." And Rosenberg, whose sad furrowed face is a map of a thousand old slights and frustrations, says, "I don't mean it egotistically, but now, after 20 years, I'm willing to admit I really am talented." This week Rosenberg and

company are putting that talent on the line again.

The place is Nottingham, England, the very Nottingham of Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood. The occasion is the World Crew Championships, where Rosenberg's eight-oared heavyweight shell will defend the title it so shockingly and dramatically won a year ago at Lucerne, Switzerland.

Last year it was agreed that East Germany would win. Or perhaps Russia. The U.S. was no longer a power: all the experts knew that. But there was one, a very short one, who did not. Allen Rosenberg had been U.S. Olympic coach in 1964, and his heavyweight eight had won a gold medal, but 10 years had passed since that glory, and many people feared that the coach was out of touch. However, Rosenberg came to his Princeton, N.J., training camp with a program for the '70s, including flexibility calisthenics borrowed from the Washington Redskins. He also brought his brother Stanley, a teacher of the defensive martial art of Tai chi in Denmark, who led the oarsmen in body-control exercises. Said Coswain David Weinberg, "Rosenberg

prides himself on being innovative, and on the water he's so dynamic and confident that he gets us to believe in some pretty far-out things."

At one point in training, the crew was having trouble with starts. Rosenberg asked them to try some with their eyes closed. "We're not doing that," one oar complained. Rosenberg explained why it is essential for a crew to be completely oblivious to its surroundings for the first 15 strokes, and that blind starts would be good practice. They were. And the crew began to believe.

"Al has absolute control," says Six-oar Dick Cushman, "but he doesn't have to seek it. He gets it by being one of us." When the time came to take the team picture Rosenberg showed up in his uniform, a necktie and a pair of white socks. That was it. The crew roared and called him Jiminy Cricket and Big Al. But Rosenberg was still the boss.

On the eve of the Lucerne finals Rosenberg spoke for 90 minutes. He told his oarsmen how fortunate they were, how no doctor or lawyer could be the best in the world, but that they had a chance. "I can't possibly explain the difference between the silver and the gold," he said, "but if you win the silver you'll wake up the next morning and know that someone rowed a better race than you, and I don't want you to go through life thinking of that." They didn't, beating Britain by one-quarter boat length for the world title. Vaunted East Germany came in fourth.

By late July of this year the boat was set again, with only one new man. Mark Umlauf of the University of Washington took over the three-oar from his former Huskie teammate Mark Norelius, now in the Air Force. The coxswain is David Weinberg, Harvard '74, now a banker in New York City, who was aboard last year's national collegiate championship boat. Stroke is Alan Shealy, a June Harvard graduate and a two-time national champion, whose mother says, "Al is so competitive that he can't stand it if someone brushes his teeth better." At six-oar is Shealy's classmate Dick Cushman, a Chinese major, holder of a Frisk Scholarship at Cambridge and also twice a national champion. Hugh Stevenson, who insists he is a romantic idealist, will row again at seven-oar. He refuses to be tested on the ergometer, calling it "antithetical to my concept of rowing." Back at four-oar is Mike Vespoli, crew coach at Wichita

continued



NO MISTAKING WHICH MEN ROW THE BOAT AND WHICH IS COACH ALLEN ROSENBERG

IBM Reports

Managing our energy resources

Today, there is a strong sense of concern in this country about the way we use and manage our resources. Nowhere is this concern more acute, or more needed, than in the area of energy.

While it is clear that long-range solutions to the problem will require additional energy sources, it is equally clear that never again—even when new sources have been tapped—will we be able to afford to consume energy in the lavish and wasteful ways of the past. In the short term, learning to control our use of energy is a matter of urgent priority.

Fortunately, some progress has already been made. It has come about largely through common sense actions in managing energy usage, such as reducing lighting and heating levels.

Computers can also contribute significantly to efficient energy management.

Computers are helping utilities reduce power interruptions and increase fuel efficiency. They are helping airlines cut jet fuel consumption. They are helping truck fleets reduce total mileage while increasing actual deliveries.

At the same time, computers are being used to cut energy consumption in commercial, industrial and public buildings.

For example, an Atlanta department store chain reduced its average monthly use of electricity from 7.5 million to 6 million kilowatt hours due to computer control, saving nearly \$25,000 per month in the process. And computer control at a major IBM facility in Florida is reducing electricity consumption by 15%.

While helping to conserve energy, the computer is also playing a role in producing energy and converting it to man's use.

The growing usefulness of computers in these and other areas is closely tied to the remarkable reductions that have been made in the cost of doing things by computer.

Today, a specific set of computations can be performed on an IBM computer for less than one hundredth the cost of the early 1950's. This means major savings in overall computing costs.

And as technology continues to advance, the cost-per-computation continues to decline. This will make the computer even more useful in managing our energy resources to help meet the needs of the future.

IBM

Alive with pleasure! Newport



**After all,
if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

King: 17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg.
nicotine 100's: 11 mg "tar,"
1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
FTC Report Apr. 75

CREW *continued*

State. Vespoli, known as The Mouth because of nonstop conversation, is 29, has been on seven national crews and says he has never respected a coach as much as Allen Rosenberg, who talks to him as an equal. A teammate says, "Rosenberg has Mike eating out of his hand." Youngest (20), quietest man in the boat is John Everett at five-oar, an MIT junior. As of last week there was a difference of opinion as to how many sentences he had spoken during training. Some estimates went as high as four. At two-oar is Rhodes scholar Ken Brown, Cornell '75, nicknamed No. 1 by his teammates, for never having finished second at anything. And, finally, at bow is Tim Mikkelsen, an engineer, at 29 going on 30 the oldest, most experienced oar in the boat.

Then there is Jimmy Cricket. Says Vespoli, "Everyone feels good when Al comes out to look at us. He's so perceptive. He says a few things, and it makes a major difference how the crew rows."

All summer, megaphone in hand, Rosenberg was in a motor launch hovering like a dragonfly around his crew, watching, now at the stern, now at one side or the other.

"Weino, Weino," he calls. "Ken Brown isn't sitting straight enough. . . . Keep the length in that finish, Umlauf. . . . Hugh, you're not carrying your blade properly."

And always there was the emphasis on the Rosenberg style of rowing, which calls for a three-part stroke: first the legs, then the back, then the arms. It stresses economy of effort, unlike more classic styles which call for pulling with everything at once.

Rosenberg says, "I've had people argue, 'If you want to move a boulder you push hard as you can, with all you have.' But to keep it moving, I tell them, you can use less force."

Then, another workout over, a soft, unfocused look comes to Rosenberg's eyes. He watches the boats on the river and says, "They make them in colored plastic now—green and blue—but there's nothing as pretty as the sunlight on a wooden one."

That is another Allen Rosenberg, the one who often comes half an hour late to practice, the one who spent an hour looking for his passport on the way to Lucerne until one of the oarsmen suggested he check his flight bag.

Dick Cashin says, "He's like a genius who can't find his way around the sub-

way system. The only time he comes into his own, as a leader beyond belief, is on the water."

And Rosenberg, an attorney, says, "I admit that I'm a better coach than I am a lawyer."

It was always that way, or almost. Rosenberg started in crew in 1954 as a coxswain for Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club. Jack Kelly recalls, "I remember Al as a scared little guy who couldn't steer. Some of the oarsmen were animals to him. I'll never know why he didn't quit." But that summer, coxing a four-man boat, he won a national championship. He was a pharmacist then, going to law school at night. He was always in the bottom fifth of his class. In 1955 he won a gold medal, coxing an eight-oared shell in the Pan-Am Games, and in 1962 he took the coaching job at Vesper. For no pay. Two years later Rosenberg's crew won the Olympic gold, and he came home to run for the board of directors of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen—and lost. He was crushed. People were saying his personality was "abrasive," or "aggressive." Rosenberg's word is "outspoken," and he has always been that way, even at Temple University as a 98-pound wrestler competing in the 118-pound class.

And now 20 years of rowing have passed for Allen Rosenberg. This week his eight defends the world championship, and he has been named the 1976 U.S. Olympic coach. He has already coached an Olympic and a world-champion winner, and no one else has done that, but he has never been offered a college coaching job. He will not admit to being hurt, and for four years he worked as a lawyer in the administrative office at the University of Rochester, not a rowing school. His friends are outraged. "How is it possible," one asks, "that crew schools such as Princeton, Columbia and Rutgers, to mention a few, who have floundered for years, do not recognize Rosenberg's ability?"

"How is it possible," David Weinberg asked last year, "for a guy with a wife and four kids to leave his job, with no guarantee that he will get it back, and walk into something that he hasn't done in 10 years?"

It is probably simply what Rosenberg gets in return, the unabashed admiration and affection of the world's best oarsmen and that rare chance, at least vicariously, to be the best in the world.

END



The Generous Taste of Johnnie Walker Red.

Scotch at its smooth and satisfying best... uniquely rich and mellow, consistent in quality throughout the world. That's the generous taste of Johnnie Walker Red. A tradition enjoyed since 1820.

**Enjoyment
you can always
count on.**



Hopeful end to a socko Spa season

Attendance, betting—and truant horses—were all up at Saratoga

When Saratoga wound up its traditional 24-day meeting last week, it marked the conclusion of a rather sprightly as well as history-making season at the old Spa track in the foothills of the Adirondacks. Records were set in attendance (453,466), one-day attendance (32,568) and mutual handle (\$40,444,871), and no doubt in the number of unfortunates shut out in the betting lines because of too few windows—or too many wagers.

Sunday racing, off to a slow start during the first week's stalling heat (only 13,841 turned out), ultimately proved to be better attended than Tuesdays, for example, and the total for the three Sundays was \$8,334. The weather went from very hot to very wet to just about perfect last weekend, when the 2-year-olds strutted their stuff in the Spinaway and the Hopeful.

But from opening to closing day Saratoga gave its customers some surprises. With few exceptions it could be called the meeting of nonchampions. Forego was on hand to train but not to race, as was the Belmont Stakes winner, Avatar. The champion older mare, Susan's Girl, took her business to Delaware Park. Kentucky Derby winner Foolish Pleasure was being readied for the 106th Travers, in which he was to face the West Coast invader Forceten in what should have been the best race of the whole summer. What happened? The day before the race Trainer LeRoy Jolley failed to enter Foolish Pleasure because, in his opinion, the hard-raced colt hadn't trained up to expectation. And after Forceten sustained a minor injury on Travers day, the 10-furlong test became a walkover for Wajima, the \$600,000 Bold Ruler colt

who on that day probably would have beaten both Foolish Pleasure and Forceten anyway.

But Saratoga racegoers have come to realize that the sport takes its toll of early-season heroes. Of the 15 Kentucky Derby starters, just two made it to the Travers, Media and Prince Thou Ari (his last name should be changed to An't), who were fifth and sixth at Churchill Downs. They took home minor checks for placing second and third behind Wajima, who had been brought up to top form by 41-year-old Trainer Steve DiMauro. (The Travers lacked Preakness winner Master Derby and Diabolo as well as Foolish Pleasure.)

But the absence of the more familiar 3-year-olds only partially diminished the quality of the racing, which at Saratoga has never been run-of-the-mill. From California, in addition to Forceten, who won a thrilling Jim Dandy before his defection from the Travers, came the 5-year-old gelding Ancient Title to win a very exciting Whitney on the first of the four Saturdays. And with Ruffian lying in her grave at Belmont Park, the Alabama for 3-year-old fillies went to Elmhurst's Spout (\$32,860). It remained for a 4-year-old filly named Life's Illusion to show up her older male rivals and win both of Saratoga's time-honored steeplechase stakes.

The last weekend has always belonged to the fresh crop of 2-year-olds, who are expected to make 3-year-old history next

spring and summer. On the distaff side a genuine champion was to be seen when Dearly Precious (now 7 for 8) took a one-length decision over Optimistic Gal in the six-furlong Spinaway. Last August, when Ruffian won her Spinaway, it was suggested on more than one Saratoga barstool that she could beat anything in that year's split Hopeful, including a senile-senior sort of colt named Foolish Pleasure. So much for this kind of suggestion, thank you.

The Hopeful was split again this year, and although it made for interesting racing (and betting), the absence of probably five of the best 2-year-olds in the country reduced the two halves of the Hopeful into wishful thinking for the winners and better-luck-next-time for the losers. The first division went to a Jacinto colt by the name of Jackknife, who had started in only one other race in his life and won that one easily. This time, after following the pace set by Whiskeypleasure, Jackknife cut to the inside on the turn for home and won going away by nearly three lengths over Ferrous. Jackknife was the favorite and he ran like a very nice colt should. And why shouldn't he? He is one more of a long, long list of winning horses bred by Max Gluck, former ambassador to Ceylon, at his Elmhurst Farm in Kentucky. Few stables in modern U.S. history have managed, year in and year out, to produce more consistent top runners in every division and of both sexes than Gluck and



POLKA-DOTTED JEAN CRUGUET COMMANDS THE RAIL WITH JACKKNIFE IN HOPEFUL I

his racing manager, Bob Bricken. "I never cease to be thrilled by what my horses jump up and do," says Gluck with a disarming smile.

What this one jumped up and did was recover from bucked shins in April and make all the right moves for Trainer Johnny Campo, who is only one of several Elmsendorf trainers. (Two weeks before the Hopeful it was Lefty Nickerson who trained Spout to win the Alabama for Gluck.) The ambassador and Bricken are thinking of the Futurity at Belmont on Sept. 6 as the next start for Jackknife, who covered his 6½ furlongs in 1:16½ after being hit a couple of times by Jockey Jean Cruguet when he had taken the lead and was safely on the way home.

An hour after Jackknife did his number as the 2-to-1 favorite, the crowd sent Peter Kissel's Iron Bit off as the 4-to-5 choice in the Hopeful finale. He led all the way only to get nipped by a nose by Gene Cushman's Eustace, a 9-to-1 shot who turned the event into a two-horse race from the start. But the story of this race isn't so much what happened after the nine-horse field got out of the gate as what happened inside the gate before it opened. After Iron Bit was loaded, he broke his half-cup slit blinkers, and the gate crew—with no alternative at that point—equipped him with full-cup blinkers, with which he was totally unfamiliar. Kissel and Trainer Eddie Yowell (the same team that had Iron Ruler, Executioner and Pass Catcher) figured that if Iron Bit hadn't been wearing full cups he would never have given up the lead in the final stride.

Maybe so, maybe not, and maybe the fall races will tell. The Hopeful was the first stakes for the juveniles at 6½ furlongs, and Eustace proved he can handle that just fine. The time for this Delta Judge colt was a fifth of a second faster than Jackknife's clocking, and the pair of them were more than seven lengths in front of the third horse in the race, Gentle King.

Dearly Precious may be the best of the three weekend winners. She was picked out of the Saratoga sales a year ago by Dick Bailey, former Hughes Sports Network television producer, for \$22,000. "My trainer, Steve DiMauro, thought she was a bit on the small side," said Bailey after the Spinaway. "but I was crazy about her sire, Dr. Fager, and to me she was a miniature Dr. Fager. Even now

she's only 15 hands 2" and weighs about 900 pounds. She's won six stakes in a row and will only get two more races this year before going to Florida for the winter. And no matter how good she may be, she won't ever go up against colts—now, next year, or ever." Ex-jockey DiMauro, who should have it so good with both Wajima and Dearly Precious, adds, "Sure, I told Dick she looked awfully small, but to me she's looking bigger every day!"

The colts seen in the Hopeful are going to have some good, solid company before fall is over. Calumet Farm's Turn

of the Sanford and forced him to skip the Hopeful, too.

Seven for seven is the record of Bold Forbes, a grandson of Bold Ruler. Inasmuch as his first five victories were achieved in Puerto Rico, it was something of a surprise when this refugee from the island of shortstops came up and whopped Iron Bit by five lengths in the Tremont at Belmont. Next time out he beat his field by eight in the Saratoga Special but bucked his shin.

Full Out, the Never Bend colt out of the Round Table mare Running Juliet, has now won three of four starts and beat



CHECKERBOARDED JIM NICHOLS EASES UP EUSTACE, THE 9-1 WINNER OF HOPEFUL

To Turia, a son of Best Turn and Princess Turia, won the Sanford at Saratoga and is undefeated in five races, but Trainer Reggie Cornell kept him out of the Hopeful to await the Belmont Futurity. "There's nothing wrong with him," says Cornell of this great big (16 hands), good-looking colt, "but Mrs. [Gene] Markey told me if I thought we had a good one, give him more time between his races. We've got plenty of time."

Another undefeated colt is Zen, a gray son of Damascus trained by David Whiteley for Tommy and Billy Bancroft's Pen-Y-Bryn Farm. He has raced only twice and thus lacks the experience that comes with running in stakes company. A minor temperature kept him out

a good field (including Eustace) in the Sapling at Monmouth Park in early August. He may be seen next in the Arlington Futurity, where one of his rivals could be Llangollen Farm's Restless Restless, the speedy son of Restless Wind who won the Hollywood Park Juvenile championship a month ago.

Saratoga can't claim a lock on introducing the season's 2-year-old champion, nor do Hopeful winners always become household names. But Secretariat won it in 1972 and Foolish Pleasure won half of it last August. In between those victories you will, of course, remember the triumphs of Gusty O'Shay and The Bagel Prince. Part of the fun of Saratoga is recalling the 2-year-olds seen there—and speculating about their future. **ENO**





"When God invented man," says Brian Oldfield, "He wanted him to look like me."

However it came about, he's some piece of work. World-record holder in the shotput and sometime dabbler in "sado numbers,"

he's cleaning up his act for the "full-scale betterment of Brian Oldfield."
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

coming on strong

CONTINUED

Brian Oldfield says he doesn't know too many weight men who would forgo the opportunity to break up a hotel. Indeed, he acknowledges some previous baying at the moon himself, a bit of "terrorist stuff" he once used out of a basic desire to become a "self-developed police force."

At one cozy Halloween party back in college at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Oldfield remembers being attacked from behind by an ex-marine who battered him about the head with a pistol, connecting on all surfaces—the back, the front, the temples—as blood spurted every which way. Since Oldfield retained consciousness throughout all of this belaboring, the fight seemed hardly fair.

"Now this guy was really a germ," says Oldfield. "Believe me, a mental midget. He wasn't like the Mindbenders cycle gang back home. Oh, no. But he was sort of a good prospect for the Mindbenders. He had stolen a bus in Chattanooga, I found out later, and shot his own buddy in the knee. But he made the same mistake everybody does: he thought I was a football player. He didn't like football players. So the guy tried to cock me with his gun several times. The thing is, I can take a punch."

"Going down, I stuck out my hand and got balance. I knew right then I was on my way to a knockout. I was up fast and smoking. I flashed a left jab on the man's face, and

it was over. He went down like a cave-in. The next day, after I was bandaged up, I went over to his house. He had a shotgun ready this time. I said, 'Grady'—the cat's name was Grady—I said, 'Grady, you got to pay for these hospital bills. Hit you hard? I haven't even started yet.'"

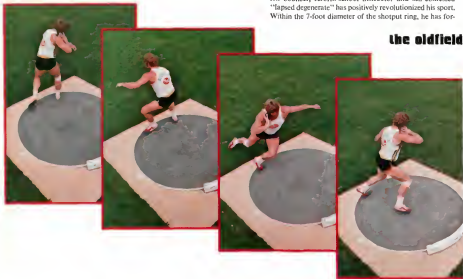
Oldfield says this was the general atmosphere in his mispent late youth. "I sat around at college in my living quarters—this old converted smokehouse—guzzling beer, dipping snuff and smoking my lungs out," he says. "The whole place flooded over once. Bad pipes. I just lay there. At this time I was not in sight of direction. I was just boogeyin'."

Shortly thereafter Oldfield adopted some trappings of civilization. He says it took a while to adjust "from college back to humanity." He started lifting weights and working definition into his massive sirloin strip of a body.

He started training diligently (in his own way, of course) for that moment when he would become the best in the world at something, for his was—and is—the kind of ego that demanded nothing less. And he got energy as well as fun, happiness and goal-orientation from the vehicle he chose, the shotput.

In just two years, this Chicago dead-end kid, former tavern bouncer, reform-school instructor and self-confessed "fapsed degenerate" has positively revolutionized his sport. Within the 7-foot diameter of the shotput ring, he has for-

the oldfield



sworn all conventionality. What Oldfield does is wind up his 6' 5" and 280 pounds into a torque of lightning and whirl into the spinning arc of a discus thrower through a full turn and a half (540 degrees) before releasing the 16-pound iron ball and watching it float out there into history. In reply, the legends of the shot—Rose, Fonville and Fuchs, O'Brien, Long and Matson—have been able to do nothing but turn over in their great circles in the sky or rush to rule books claiming meaningless illegalities or, yes, stand out there helplessly attempting to match him.

On April 4, 1975 at the San Francisco Cow Palace, Oldfield extended the indoor world record to 72' 6½", ran down the track and kissed the spot where the shot landed. On May 10 in the Bowie High School stadium in El Paso, he unloaded three puts which broke the outdoor world record, first by more than four inches (71' 11¼"), then by more than a foot (73' ¼") and finally by more than a yard. His last throw was a preposterous 75 feet. Oldfield, himself rather stunned, said he had "eternalized" the shotput record. At least, he said, until that time when he would break it again.

Although it in no way detracts from Oldfield's achievement, it must be noted that he performs on the International Track Association circuit, the pro tour, so his marks are professional records. George Woods holds the amateur indoor

world record of 72' 2¼"; Al Feuerbach the amateur outdoor record of 71' 7".

Disregarding most drugs, pills, anabolic steroids and other chemical uppers, Oldfield goes through life getting a lift from so many natural sources that he has become almost senselessly hyperactive. "Taking energy" is what he calls this.

If he is not taking energy from the cool and elegance of VTA quarter-miler John Smith, Oldfield gets it from the jive and nonsense of ITA pole-vaulter Steve Smith. ("When I grow up, I want to be just like you," Smith says to Oldfield, "so strong, nobody cares how stupid you are.") If not from Krazy George, the manic cheerleader at the San Jose Earthquakes soccer games, then from old George Clark, a wizened Scot who lives in Aberdeenshire and calls Oldfield "my giant laddie." If not from granola brain muffins spread thickly with honey and apple butter, then from flying into the Los Angeles airport. Oldfield says of that particular experience, "I get so much energy flying in to L.A., sometimes I just want to fly out and then fly right back in again."

Oldfield's shocking size evokes stares and murmurs even in the sophisticated, freak-filled setting of Manhattan night spots. This makes for awkward moments as onlookers continue to gape and wait for . . . what? Fay Wray to come squealing out of his palm?

roncland

slingshot



Of all filter kings tested:

Carlton is lowest.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for
other brands that call themselves low in tar.

	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
Brand D (Filter)	15	1.0
Brand R (Filter)	14	0.9
Brand K (Menthol)	13	0.8
Brand D (Menthol)	13	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	4	0.3
Carlton Menthol	4	0.3

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine

**Carlton
Filter
4 mg.**



**Carlton
Menthol
4 mg.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol 4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '76.

His hair, dirty blond and loopy and styled over his forehead, makes his face appear to be lacking eyes. They are tiny and close together anyway, and when he scrunches up his visage in one of his outrageous Crazy Guggenheim expressions, the eyes do all but disappear. One reporter, noting the "blond locks," likened him to Gorgeous George, the wrestler. But George had eyes.

Oldfield favors tight white jeans, open-to-the-abdomen shirts and a gargantuan puka-shell necklace for dress-up occasions. Such raiment is in character for a fellow who introduced bikini briefs and fishnet tank tops to track and field when he came out of nowhere to qualify at the 1972 Olympic Trials in Eugene, Ore. Shotputting has never been the same.

The fact is that Oldfield's body deserves to be a conversation piece, if only because it is a cross between the blocky bulk of a defensive tackle and the muscle delineation of a Mr. Marvelous Spa Universe contestant.

Though his weight hovers between 270 and 280, Oldfield's waist is only 37 inches, making him appear about 50 pounds lighter than he is. Most of this unobserved poundage is distributed evenly through the arms and shoulders, the legs and thighs. His carriage is bold and arrogant, he moves with startling quickness. Has there ever been another 280-pounder who could run the 100-yard dash in 10.3 seconds? With characteristic self-effacement, Oldfield notes that "when God invented man, He wanted him to look like me."

This is not to say that Oldfield flaunts his physique. On the *Tosler* show, when Gene Shalit asked him to remove his shirt so the audience "could see what a shotputter looks like," Oldfield refused. No Anita Ekberg, he.

Moreover, it is not sheer size that sets Oldfield apart as a visual phenomenon. It is his hyperactiveness, a mysterious sense of something about to happen. Call it, even, danger. Larger men may be found down at your local diner kicking in the jukebox. *This* man, this shotputter Oldfield, looks as if he were a bomb about to go off, or, more accurately, a water-filled balloon.

Limmy Secor, co-owner of the Tittle Tattle, an East Side jock- and stewardess-infested club which Oldfield makes his fun headquarters when in New York, says football players are just about flabbergasted at the sight of Oldfield. Sugar Bear Hamilton, an offensive guard for the New England Patriots, met Oldfield at a track meet and asked a journalist why the shotputter didn't play football.

"He doesn't like football," the journalist said.

"Thank God," said Sugar Bear.

Consciously or otherwise, Oldfield plays on this image of lurking catastrophe, especially when women are around. Women are around quite a lot. It is, again, not only his size that attracts the fair sex but his special aura of imminent peril.

Bob Steiner, ITA's director of public relations, describes it best. "I've never met anyone quite as big," says Steiner. "And I don't mean in the strict physical sense. Brian's ego is big, his personality is big. His appetites, individualism, capacity for life, his style. Everything is just very big. I know guys that are stronger, but none are as totally animalistic. And that's a complement. My sociology teacher once told

me mankind took a quick jump from savagery to barbarism with just a short stop at civilization in between. I think Brian hit the stop for just a second. That must be what it takes to be the best shotputter in history."

Having experienced the symptoms back home in South Elgin, Ill. and at Middle Tennessee State University when he was still a growing boy, Oldfield is well aware of his tendency toward violence. He now goes to great lengths to avoid hostilities. On the other hand, Oldfield has never been averse to using his size and reputation for effect. Recently at Captain Cook's, a neighborhood dance spot in the San Jose bedroom community of Cupertino, Calif., where he now makes his home, Oldfield was stopped at the door for wearing improper attire—i.e., sandals. After 10 minutes of semi-tense repartee between Oldfield and the medium-sized doorman who kept saying "Now Brian, come on," two girls entered in sandals and were allowed down the stairs without a fuss.

"That does it," said Oldfield. "I'm in, and you're going to have to call the Italian army to get me out." The doorman looked quite relieved to be presented with this unlikely alternative.

Conversely, the very next day Oldfield was prohibited from working out on the track at nearby De Anza Junior College by a uniformed campus policeman, and the shotputter succumbed with only a nasty whimper. "I guess I shouldn't argue with you," he told the guard. "We don't want any dead cops around here, do we?"

Having been with ITA since it came into existence three years ago, Oldfield stands as pro track's first homegrown star. "Our own monster creation," ITA President Mike O'Hara says.

Oldfield, too, recognizes himself as a test case. The money-mongers are hanging around now talking up deals. Odds for Oldfield to play for the Miami Dolphins, to fight Muhammad Ali, to get into books, records, condominiums and to do everything but ride *Foolish Pleasure* over the Snake River Canyon.

But he says, "Football is no challenge. I played in the spring game at college once. You just give me the ball and after that it's a fight. I win fights. Most of those pro linemen are just angry mobsters who can take a beating. No finesse or quickness. I'm bigger and faster than Larry Conka and I'd dance all over their heads."

"As for boxing, I'd like to see Ali try and psych me the way he does those other champs. Sure, I'd probably get beat, but I'd come out trying to kill the champ in the first two rounds. It'd be like the streets. I'd screw up Ali's mind, too. In the ring I'd be screaming, 'Give me strength, Zeus.'"

"But," Oldfield goes on, "my shotputting has been the greatest experience of my life. I'm going to make this sport, make it so that little kids are throwing the shot someday to be like me. I'm 30 now, I'll be around for another 10 years at \$50,000 per. O'Hara's got to pay me that. And I can make that much again in endorsements and such, and that's a million."

"They're going to let me lift weights at Superstars this time," Oldfield says, talking louder. "And I'm going to beat O.J. in the dash and win the whole thing. Then I'm going to outclass myself in the shot. I've already thrown three feet beyond incredible. I'll be throwing 80 feet, 85, maybe

Continued

90, and all those little glamour maulers with their myth four-minute barrier will be like little puppies, trite little tykes, and the rest of the track and field world will be obsolete, and then people will *worship* shotputters—the real athletes, the real men.”

He is getting excited now. “I won’t be satisfied until the world knows me by only my first name,” Oldfield shouts. “Just Brian. ‘There goes *Brian*.’ ‘Did you see what *Brian* threw yesterday?’ Only the greets go by one name, man. *Ab. Pele. Fobian. Here’s Johnny!* Haw, haw, haw.”

Like most weight events, the shotput seems to have originated in Scotland and Ireland. It took on its present form in the mid-19th century, but it wasn’t until the St. Louis Olympics of 1904 that the circular platform was officially introduced in international competition.

Since then only two major changes in technique have occurred: the first in the early 1950s when Parry O’Brien, the golden Trojan, turned his back to the landing area and made a quick 180-degree turn as he drove to the front of the circle to launch the shot; the second, Oldfield’s radical discus-style whirl which went O’Brien 360 degrees better.

The dearth of revolutionary tactics can probably be accounted for by the fact that most shotputters in the early years fit the description that one chronicler gave the sport’s first star, the 6’ 6”, 235-pound Californian Ralph Rose, who was dubbed “the rotund husky.” In 1909 Rose threw the shot 51’ ¾”, a mark that was considered the ultimate until it fell 19 years later. Europeans held the record until 1934, when John Lyman threw 54’ 1” and another American, Jack Torrance, the “elephant baby” out of LSU, attained 57’ 1” at Oslo’s Bislet Stadium. Torrance had a fine season, but he went flat after that, possibly because at 304 pounds he became weary dragging himself to the circle.

His successor in the record books was a surprise, not only because he was black but because he weighed just 195 pounds. Charles Fonyville from Birmingham, Ala. and the University of Michigan set the pattern of the speedy, explosive shotputter, which was further improved by an Ivy Leaguer, Jim Fuchs of Yale. In two years Fuchs had nine puts of 58 feet or better, using a technique that began with an extreme backward lean. Fuchs had an 88-meet winning streak and he kept pursuing 60 feet, but he never got there. Defeat came the year before the 1952 Olympics in Helsinki when the 6’ 3”, 245-pound O’Brien appeared on the scene.

O’Brien’s style demanded speed, great quickness and coordination, and the Southern Cal athlete had them. He was one of the first shotputters to use weight training as a means of conditioning, and this aided him in compiling a record of consistency that is unmatched to this day: gold medals in Helsinki and Melbourne, the silver in Rome, eight AAU titles and 116 consecutive victories.

Americans Bill Nieder and Dallas Long used the O’Brien technique to win Olympic golds and set world records of their own, as did Randy Matson of Texas A&M, who was the first 70-foot man. Matson dominated the event from 1965 to 1970, won the gold medal at the 1968 Olympics, pushed the world record to 71’ 5½” and at one time had the 25 longest puts in history.

In 1964 both Matson and Oldfield were 19-year-old freshmen. The former threw an illustrious 66’ 3¼” and won the silver medal at the Tokyo Olympics. The latter lobbed the shot 53’ 9” in between gang riots and all-night drunks.

As a sophomore, Matson improved by four feet to a world record 70’ 7”, Oldfield improved by three feet. Then the plot thickened.

Matson has always regretted that after reaching 70 feet, he grew complacent, began throwing against the competition rather than for distance and was content to just keep from losing. While Matson extended his record by 10½ more inches, Oldfield was coming on strong. In 1966, he threw 59’ 2” at Middle Tennessee. Two years later, 61’ 2½”. In 1969, 64’ 6¼”. In 1972, 68’ 9¾”.

At the Olympic Trials in Oregon that summer, Al Feuerbach and George Woods beat them both; Matson and Oldfield battled for the third and last position on the team. Oldfield won and, though he finished a disappointing sixth at Munich, nobody has been able to keep up with him since.

Last May, after he completed his three astounding puts at El Paso, Oldfield screamed across the field to O’Hara, “That first one was for my mother. The 73’ ¼” was for you. And the last one, O’Hara, that one was for me. I better get some money for this.”

Oldfield has added other wrinkles to the art beyond distance and monetary demands. His warmups are enlivened with underhand tosses, backward over-the-head jobs and several forms of sidearm delivery, not to mention an occasional handstand and or backflip. He also seldom stays in the circle during practice, thus foisting on almost every throw.

“The circle inhibits me, sure,” says Oldfield, “but I don’t want to be inhibited in practice. I want to see how far I can throw with the whirl in the warmups. If I hit 73, 74 feet, I know I can go over 70 when the bell rings.” His spectacular warmup throws hype the crowd. The people get on his side and wind up roaring for him to stay in the ring as well as go for new records.

On a practice put in New York last season Oldfield hit a hurdle on the fly 76 feet away. In El Paso a few days before his record-breaking effort, Oldfield fooled around with leaping out of the circle and was able to attain momentous distances. John Smith swears he personally walked off one put at 82 feet.

Chatter and blithe spirals are Oldfield’s trademarks in the ring. Matson, still a regular on the ITA tour, welcomes them. The unwritten shotputters’ code used to include no talking and a cutthroat attitude around the circle. “We didn’t care if the other guy fell down or broke his arm or leg or anything,” says Matson. “We weren’t about to help anybody. But Brian is always talking it up, urging us on, getting everyone psyched up to throw well. His philosophy blows our minds. The guy will throw anything. He could go downtown, pick out a dime-store shot and use it. All the rest of us guard our shots with our life. Anybody touched mine, I’d have to kick him.”

Matson believes Oldfield can run faster and jump higher than any man his size, ever. “He’ll do a handstand or a backflip in a hotel lobby,” Matson says. “He races the sprinters in the parking lot. He high-jumps over anything.

"Brian's crazy living takes away from the public's knowledge of his ability as an athlete. The first question they ask is whether his style is legal. But nothing's ever been wrong with it. He holds the ball high enough, he's not hitting the rim of the circle and he's sure not cheating on the weight of the thing. Nobody's going to slip in a light shot on me."

"Brian is never satisfied either," says Matson. "He competes against the tape measure; that's why he's going to put the thing out there where nobody can reach it. Before he threw 75 feet, I could discount about half of what he said about himself. Now that he's predicting 80, I'm not sure what the discount factor is."

No one has ever discounted Oldfield's penchant for psychological warfare. He is especially vocal in his disdain for fellow competitors. Matson is a good friend. But when Woods and Feuerbach, old neighbors from Midwestern colleges, contemporaries and Olympic teammates, were outdistancing Oldfield a few years ago, they scoffed at his efforts to match them as well as his desire to join their Pacific Coast Club. Still amateurs and members of the PCC, they are now regarded by Oldfield as "nonathletes, unworthy of discussion."

Oldfield refers to Woods and Feuerbach, respectively, as "Fat Boy" and "Squatty Body." Three months ago in Scotland, after he threw 73'1" at Edinburgh's Meadowbank Stadium, the second-longest put in history, Oldfield belittled at unsuspecting local newspapermen, "Feuerbach would have finished a bad last here. Woods? He wouldn't even have reached the grass."

Legendary oldtimers are accorded similar disrespect. When he first met Parry O'Brien, after O'Brien had questioned the legality of the new style, Oldfield dealt the old master a wicked blow. During his interview on the *Today* show, Oldfield said, "I wonder how Parry feels finding out after all these years that while he thought he was eating filet mignon, all along it was hamburger."

His family has called Brian Oldfield "Butch" since he weighed in at 11 pounds, 9½ ounces in Elgin, a factory suburb of Chicago. In high school, classmates knew him as "Barney," a nickname that sooner or later inevitably becomes appended to most people named Oldfield since the days of the famed auto racer. His father Ray, an operating engineer (also called Barney), and mother Dorothy, a punch-press operator and chief union steward for the local Amalgamated Meat Cutters, Fur and Leather Workers, are divorced now. Two married sisters live around Elgin and a younger sister, Lori, is a student at Northern Illinois University.

Oldfield says he was a miserable kid, rejecting authority, creating mischief. His dad had an iron hand, and even his older sisters got their licks in before their brother grew big enough "to send them off to school with black eyes."

Oldfield's introduction to sports came when his mother took him to her plant softball games. But Brian had a deep resentment toward team sports after some early failures in Little League baseball. Oldfield still refers to Little League as "an elitist society of frustrated fathers." He says, "I never liked to be told what to do. Even back then coaches were pushing you through pain barriers, through mental barriers. I always wanted to know why. Nobody told me."

"I hated coaches. They were always on my case. I just

wanted to kick up my heels and enjoy life. I took the liberty to be Brian Oldfield."

One day in junior high a friend said he could beat Oldfield in something called the shotput. He couldn't. From the moment he picked up the thing, Oldfield was the best in the school. But he was taught to hold the ball on the tips of the fingers and to skip across the circle.

Oldfield grew five inches between his 14th and 15th birthdays to 6'4" and 190 pounds. He graduated from Elgin High 391st out of 400 and went off to wrestle a bear.

"I got \$1,000 if I could beat the bear," Oldfield says. "The minute I got in the ring Little Smokey knew he was in trouble. He was looking over the crowd figuring this would be easy meat, and here I came. Well, the bear threw me a forearm to the neck, which made me mad right away. I picked him up and threw him through the ropes."

"Now the bear wanted no part of me, but I jumped on him and beat him backward. I was going to wishbone the SOB and break his sternum in half, but his handlers must have realized my adrenaline was flowing. They came in and took the bear away. Never paid me. We ran the dudes right out of town."

By the stretch of somebody's imagination, Oldfield qualified to enroll at Middle Tennessee State. The former track coach, Joe Black Hayes, remembers Oldfield boozing it up and climbing the water tower. Why the water tower? "It was there," Oldfield explains.

Oldfield was the scourge of the local police station. As a bouncer-for-hire and bartender, Oldfield says he "did stuff like take knives and guns away from skinny wimps."

Despite the extracurriculars, Oldfield was advancing toward world-class ranking in the shot. He had figured out how to lower the ball into the cradle of his fingers by now ("The thing was getting heavy up there on my nails," he says) and he had discovered weight lifting. He was straightening up his act.

Oldfield went on a couple of international track tours in college, but after finally graduating in 1969 he went back to Elgin, to gambling and to bouncing at a local bar, The Lottery.

"I never had a fight when I was in shape," says Oldfield. "Of course when I was in shape I wasn't bouncing. I broke a guy's upper and lower jaws with a single punch one time. It was a left, not even my shotput arm. Sometimes I wonder where I got the courage to do these sado numbers."

In order to escape the bars and find spare time for the shot, Oldfield took a job teaching wayward youths at the Illinois State Training School for Boys (now called Youth Center), a correctional institution in St. Charles. He likes to point out the post did not require his attendance at PTA meetings. Alfred Buscher, the superintendent, says Oldfield was one of the best teachers he had.

"Brian took kids who were academically retarded and taught them as much reading in two or three months as normally could be taught in 10 months," says Buscher. "Behind the comedian and toughguy front, he's really the softest guy in the world."

That information would have come as a surprise to the

continued



Ford LTD Piled Hardtop with optional convenience group: deluxe bumper group, vinyl roof, paint stripes, front cornering lamps, deluxe wheel covers, WSW tires, glow paint, speedometer, AM/PM stereo radio, air conditioning and rear window defroster.



Ford LTD.

Everything says luxury but the price.

Most people may have the right impression of Ford LTD...but somehow the wrong impression of its price.

Certainly, it's a quiet-riding, comfortable standard-size car. And LTD is built to high standards of quality workmanship. Virtues associated with many higher priced cars.

Yet the base sticker price on a 4-door

LTD is lower than even a comparably equipped Chevy Impala Sport Sedan. And a sticker price on LTD includes a lot. Such standard features as automatic transmission, 351 V-8 engine, power steering, power front disc brakes, solid state ignition, steel-belted radial ply tires. Standard on all LTD models: LTD, the lowest priced car in the line, LTD Brougham, and LTD Landau.

For the right impression of a Ford LTD, see your Ford Dealer. And find out how little quality and comfort can cost.

Ford means value. And prices may never be lower.
See your local Ford Dealer.

FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION 

U.S. Olympic Committee, which stood in collective cardiac arrest while this loudmouth, cigarette-puffing, bikini-clad colossus won the right to represent his country at Munich.

On the pre-Olympic tour that summer, the anticipated problems became reality. Oldfield went AWOL in Sweden. He was involved in a hotel courtyard disturbance in Norway. Later, the hotel received a letter from a man who claimed Oldfield was seen in his underwear amorously pursuing a chambermaid.

"I was wearing my Speedo swim trunks and she was sitting on my lap," Oldfield says. "The chick's boyfriend got upset."

For that episode, he was almost kicked off the team by Coach Bill Bowerman. "I had tears in my eyes," Oldfield says. "If they had sent me home, I was going to throw Bowerman out the window."

After America's bumbling performance in the Games (Woods finished second to Wally Komar of Poland, Oldfield and Feuerbach were out of the money), Oldfield came home, signed up for pro track and started breaking indoor records while throwing with the standard technique. He turned to the discus-type spin in 1974, but a torn knee cartilage held him back.

Having turned the corner past 30, given up smoking and cut down on beverages, Oldfield seems to have finally come as much to the outskirts of wisdom as to maturity. He has found a home, his first real room, as it were, on the pro tour. In unguarded moments, in fact, he refers to ITA as "our club."

By personality as well as by performance, Oldfield has reached a centrality position in this environment—a small feat considering the black majority on the tour. Moreover, Oldfield's rapport with this constituency has reached such a point that he can trade ethnic slurs in good humor, occasionally offering friendly exclamations such as "Get down, darkies" with no hint of racism intended or taken.

"Brian doesn't act like most white dudes who, trying to be cool and nice to us, end up silly," says Henry Hines, the long-jumper. "He's a brother—one of us."

John Smith says, "He takes the time to deal with us. He's always joining card games or coming over to chitchat. Ryan never comes over. Seagren never comes. This guy does. Plus, all the brothers au-

— continued —

How the English keep dry.



Gordon's® Gin. Largest seller in England, America, the world.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. NO PRES. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD. LONDON W.1



Sports Illustrated **FOOTBALL: OFFENSE** by Bud Wilkinson

In this incisive new book coaching great Bud Wilkinson analyzes today's game—describes exercises and drills that develop the strength, agility and skills demanded at each offensive position—discusses the startling changes in offensive formations and explains the 9 used today—including the Wishbone-T. Must reading for the player, coach and fan of the 70's. Also available in new hardcover editions: BASKETBALL, SKIING, ICE HOCKEY, SOCCER, VOLLEYBALL and SQUASH \$4.95 each from The SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Library, P.O. Box 8340 Philadelphia Pa 19101



Give the world a little gift today. Blood.



The American Red Cross. The Good Neighbor.



WHEN YOUR TEAM IS ON THE TWO-YARD LINE, YOU SHOULDN'T BE IN THE CONCESSION LINE.

The best seats in the stadium won't do you much good, if your stomach won't let you stay in them.

So while you're tucking your ticket into one pocket, it makes sense to tuck Slim Jim® into the other.

Slim Jim is a chewy all-meat snack that comes in five different flavors. And goes just about anywhere you want to take it.

Which means it's also great for racing, hunting, golf, or any time you're hungry, anywhere.

Get Slim Jim at your grocery, in milk, spicy, pizza, bacon, or salmon.

Then, when you get to your seat, you'll be able to stay there.

**A LITTLE LESS THAN A MEAL.
A LITTLE MORE THAN A SNACK.**



SHARKS THE SILENT SAVAGES Theo W. Brown



How sharks behave and how man might control them—this is the subject of a spell-binding new book by a veteran diver and researcher, "a rare man seeking to unravel and conquer a frightening corner of nature."—*Library Journal*, Illustrated, \$7.95.

A Sports Illustrated Book.
LITTLE, BROWN
PUBLISHERS

oldfield

tomatically loved him back in '72 when he lit up the cigarettes on the field. We knew this was a white guy who was going to show the world what an athlete is really like."

Oldfield's tendency to be natural and totally out front, to wear his heart on his sleeve along with a few well-chosen epithets, sometimes has the otherdoldom of ITA, a struggling organization if there ever was one, on pins and needles. Oldfield is the personification of Hercules Unchained; he will say anything and do anything he pleases. If that means beginning a discussion with an important representative of the 3M Co., a major ITA sponsor, like this: "When are you guys going to fly me to Minneapolis and shoot those training films? Don't you understand I'm an athlete who's doing it big now? I can't wait for an upturn in the economy. I've got to get mine while I'm hot. What are you, dumb?"—then so be it. If it means describing his employers to a newspaper reporter as "those ITA jerks who are publicizing me to death," then that, too, must pass.

ITA's Steiner sighs and says, "Where does the 800-pound gorilla sit? Anywhere he wants to."

Back home in Cupertino, Oldfield lives with John Powell, the world-record holder in the discus, in a two-story apartment that is owned by Powell and situated hard by two California landmarks, a swimming pool and a freeway. Though nobody is home for very long, within the seven days in May that Powell threw his record discus 226' 8" and Oldfield his record shot 75 feet, their address—10445 Mary Ave. became an instant trivia footnote, not to mention a track groupie's paradise.

Ferns and pansies grow around the boundaries of the porch. Oldfield mixes pineapple daquiris, grills barbecue steaks, sits by the pool and worries about housecleaning. He says he is into himself more now and "the romance of life I enjoy music and poetry. I read other people's philosophies. I'm developing relationships and finding time for things that will last. I'm into self-cleansing. I'm cleaning up my life for the full-scale betterment of Brian Oldfield."

He is sitting by a small statue of a man wrestling a tiger. Oldfield is asked where it came from. "I ripped it off from a massage parlor," he says.

The 280-pound shotputter cleans up his life any way he wants to. **END**

Had enough
of harsh taste?

Come up to KOOL,
the only cigarette
with the taste of
extra coolness.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. tar,
0.8 mg. nicotine

Now, lowered for KOOL Milds



Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine;
Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Yesterday

by MARK SUPREN

BOYS' SPORTS BOOKS PORTRAYED AN IDEALIZED WORLD OF MANY VIRTUES

They were mythic creatures, superb athletes with unbending courage, iron discipline and grit. They are frozen as in a *tableau vivant*—eternally 16 years old, handsome, likable, straightforward and well-built.

These were the heroes of the boys' sports books that were popular in the years spanning the two World Wars and that helped to shape generations of Americans. If we suffered crises of nerves as adults, became cynics and sinners, less of us ever entirely outgrew the ethic learned at an impressionable age.

Books such as *For the Honor of the School*, Frank Merriwell at Yale, *Baseball Joe of the Silver Stars*, Garry Grayson's *Football Rivals*, *Captain of the Nine* and *All-American* purported realism, but in truth they were fables set in a Booth Tarkington landscape.

Their world was an American lost paradise of boyhood, porch gliders and rustling shade, girls who were "true-blue, plucky, with red hair and a nose not guiltless of freckles," and prep schools with playing fields "wide and free, the smell of early grass, the ripple of soft breeze . . . the damp give of springy turf." It was the twilight of a vanished innocence that had existed for only white, small-town, middle-class Americans.

Authors Edward Stratemeyer, Gilbert Patten, Ralph Henry Barbour, William Heyliger, Harold Sherman and John Tunis wrote mainly for that audience, but their hero was the American boy we all wanted to be. The books shaped us in that liturgy, exhorting us to do the right thing and play the game.

Most of the books were hard-cover, usually cost 50¢ and were geared for boys between 10 and 16. They had no literary pretensions (though Barbour, Heyliger and Tunis were a cut above the rest) and were predictable morality tales about the efforts of youthful supermen. A typical protagonist was a vaguely upper-middle-class boy who lived in a town called

Bentville and went to Hillfields prep. The boys were provincials who shunned dudish clothes, despised "muckers and toadies" and avoided "low haunts." Their creed was Honor, Spirit, Fair Play, and they always stood up to bullies. They were sincere and humble and, above all, never quitters.

But they could be priggish. In a Barbour book, some boys refused to play the big game because the star back was on a football scholarship. And our paragons rarely distinguished themselves in class, looking down on grinds as unmanly.

The *Baseball Joe Series* took Joe Mattson from sandlot to the majors in 14 action-packed books written by Stratemeyer under the pseudonym Lester Chadwick. The characters' names were white Anglo-Saxon Protestant, save for the Levy, the shortstop, and Moe Russnak, the gambler. Like most of the genre's heroes, Joe was beset by gamblers.

"Russnak is a Jew," said Joe. "Not that I have anything against him because of his race. Our shortstop, Levy, is a Jew, and he's as fine a fellow as there is on the team. Cracking good ballplayer too. But this Russnak is a low, greasy specimen that makes a decent man feel a crawling in his spine whenever he looks at him."

He fit in perfectly with the stereotypes that filled the pages of the books. The blacks were of the "Yazuh-Sho 'nuff-Feet do yuh stuff" variety. Jews were often low comics or "oily Levantines." Dutchmen and Swedes were dumb and stubborn. Italians, all garlic and exotic customs. The Irish, comics and tipplers. Stutterers, fat boys and the effeminate were always good for a laugh—but not for our heroes. If it all sounds mean and contemptible, the books only reflected the America of those days.

We were asked to accept outfieldish feats, and we did. In his final big-league year with a pitching average over .900 and batting better than .400, Joe mused about his goals for the season: "I want to lead the league in homers . . . lead the league in batting . . . lead the league in strikeouts . . . lead the league in base-stealing . . . lead the league in earned runs . . . lead the league in consecutive victories. I want, as captain, to have the Giants win more games than they've ever won before in a single season. That's number seven, the lucky number. Let's hope it brings me luck."

But Joe did not need luck. He did it

all, even though as a pitcher he had only a fastball, inshoot, outshoot and "most ball" (spit was a horrid word). What wonders might he have wrought with Frank Merriwell's "doublehook" that curved twice?

Garry Grayson (Stratemeyer writing as Elmer A. Dawson) lasted for 10 volumes and satisfied our appetite for play-by-play football. Like *Baseball Joe* and other protagonists, Garry was kidnapped, framed, tempted with bribes, trapped in burning barns and had his father threatened with ruin (Stratemeyer was a great one for weak fathers). But Garry always escaped or cleared his name just in time to score the winning touchdown.

Barbour produced some of the better boys' fiction. He was one of the few authors a 12-year-old of today might read without gagging. A typical Barbour book dealt with a new boy at a New England prep school and usually encompassed a year of competition in football, baseball, hockey, crew and track. Barbour's books were believable. There was no murder or mayhem, and no one sent the star a rattlesnake in a box. The climactic moment from *The Spirit of the School* is typical of his style. Hansel Dena is playing football for Beechcroft against Fairview:

"Five yards ahead of the nearest pursuer sped Hansel, running like a flash. Behind him, with outstretched, clenching hands, ran the Fairview right end. . . . Hansel crossed the 30-yard line. Dangerously near was the white boundary line, but he dared not edge farther toward the middle of the gridiron. . . . Another white line streak purred beneath him. . . . The goal line was in view. . . . His limbs ached and his breath threatened at every stride to fail him. He faltered near the 15-yard line but struggled on. The 10-yard line was almost underfoot, when he felt the shock of the tackle. Grimly, he hugged the ball, struggled to advance, managed to cross the goal. . . ."

Is it any wonder that we read and believed in the spirit of the school in our little hearts? What if Ferry Hill and Excelsior Hall were mirages like Camelot? What if we played ragtag baseball and pickup touch, throwing our bodies about in pathetic imitation of the real thing? What if we realized too late that the books were a swindle? They gave us memories, and memories are the one paradise we can't be driven from. It was all like a dream. It was a dream.



Why it pays to shop at The Insurance Store.

Today, buying insurance is like buying a new house or a car.

It pays to shop and compare.

Because insurance companies don't all charge the same rates.

And insurance policies don't all provide the same coverage.

But by shopping—you can both save money and get the best protection.

Introducing One-stop Insurance Shopping.

Now there's a new easy way to do all your insurance shopping.

Simply visit The Insurance Store. With one stop, you can find any and every kind of insurance you need.

You save time. Save money on low prices. And get the right coverage.

Special Departments for Special Needs.

At The Insurance Store, insurance is our main business. Not just a sideline.

So the entire store is filled with insurance.

In fact, many Insurance Stores have even set up special departments for all the different kinds of insurance they sell. Including homeowners, automobile, marine, health, life, theft, liability, bond, aviation, and business insurance.

Within each department, you'll find a wide variety of insurance policies and prices.

So when you shop at The Insurance Store, you can always select. You don't have to merely settle.

Your Choice of Leading Brands—including Continental Insurance.

At The Insurance Store, you'll also find a wide variety of insurance companies.

Some specialize in low price.

Others, in broader coverage.

But we at Continental offer a combination of both.

For example, consider our unique PCP Plan, the all-in-one plan.

It lets you combine separate policies on your home, your car, and yourself all into one neat little package that actually gives you more insurance coverage for your insurance dollar.

Save with Low Prices and Exact Coverage.

You don't have to know a lot about insurance at The Insurance Store. Because the trained professionals there do.

They can tell you if you have the right policy. Or not.

If you have too much coverage. Or too little.

And, quite often, by recommending the exact policy and coverage you need—they can save you money in the process.

24-hour Service.

At The Insurance Store, we service

what we sell.

Let's say you buy a Continental Insurance automobile policy.

You automatically get 24-hour toll-free Dial-A-Claim Service.

It's backed by over 1600 claims adjusters located throughout the U.S. and Canada.

So anytime, anywhere you need help, help is always nearby.

What's Best for You.

Every Insurance Store is owned and operated by an independent insurance agent.

Unlike agents who represent Allstate or State Farm only, independent agents are beholden to no one insurance company, including Continental.

And so if the company with which they place your insurance doesn't do what's best for you, they're free to switch their insurance to another company which will.

That gives them tremendous leverage to use on your behalf. And use it they do.

Over 16,000 Locations to Serve You.

For the name and address of the agent who operates The Insurance Store nearest you, just see the Yellow Pages under Continental Insurance.

Need insurance? Shop and save at The Insurance Store.

Continental Insurance
Working at
The Insurance Store



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 18-24

CYCLING—U.S. champion **SUE NOVAK** of Des Moines defeated **Ira Jackowski** of Jacksonville in the women's amateur sprint at the world championships in Roeselare, Belgium. In an all-American runoff for the bronze, Shelly Young of Des Moines outpaced Linda Simon of Laguna Beach, Calif. and Germany's **THOMAS HUSCHKE**, won the gold in the men's pursuit, defeating Vladimir Orlovskii of the U.S.S.R. Dutch star **CORNELIA VAN ROOIJEN** held her Philadelphia's Mary Jane Rios in the women's 1,000-meter pursuit. The men's tandem sprint title went to **BENEDICT KOCH** and **JANUSZ KOZMINSKI** of Poland, who defeated Vladimir Vashkov and Myroslav Vymushal of Czechoslovakia.

PRO FOOTBALL—**NFL** Detroit moved into its new home, Pontiac Municipal Stadium, in style, defeating Kansas City 27-24. Greg Landrum nailed Charlie Sanders with a 35-yard TD pass with less than five minutes left to put the Lions ahead to stay. Cincinnati Quarterback Ken Anderson threw for three first-half TDs in a 27-10 defeat of Green Bay. The Chicago Bears edged St. Louis 14-11, and a 4-0 lead came from Ken Stabler to Morris Bradshaw. Philadelphia's defense broke off seven New England punts, running back three for safety in a 24-10 win. San Diego brushed past San Francisco 30-7. Pittsburgh assigned Baltimore 31-19, and Washington rallied for a 23-14 win over Cleveland. Buffalo outlasted Los Angeles 31-24. Dallas was nipped by Minnesota 16-13. The Denver Broncos held off a late surge by Houston in its 27-23, and in the Super Bowl, 151 saw New Orleans bow to Miami 20-10. New York lost New York in New Haven and the Giants beat the Jets 21-20.

WFL—Hawaii rallied for 18 second-half points to beat the Chicago Wabbs 28-17, as Duane Thomas made a quiet WTE debut for the Jets. The Jets took the game the half for four 17 yards. Quarterback Steve Scarver topped a pair of touchdown passes in Tom DeFuria in their comeback. The Washington of Pontland swarmed for 131 yards and caught five passes from Don Hest, who completed 17 of 24 for 340 yards and the Thunder put back on the field. Pat Haden puled Southern California to a 35-25 defeat of Pittsburgh. Philadelphia beat Memphis 32-19, and Alfred Isaacson cut out from the 13 to defeat Jacksonville in last San Antonio 28-19 in overtime.

GOLF—**AL GIEBERGER** carded a final-round 69 for a 10-under-par 273 total to beat Dan Sneedon by three strokes in the 175,000 Tournament Players Championship at Colonial Country Club in Fort Worth (prior 25).

RUDY RANKIN won her first LPGA tournament

of the year, the \$40,000 National Jewish Hospital Open, with a final-round 51 and nine-under-par 207 total at Pinehurst Country Club in Denver. Karen King, who scored 55, 30 for the victory, was two strokes ahead of Jane Black and Sandra Haynie.

HARREL—**BOISIE**—Seven-year-old **SAVOIR** (53-64), driven by Del Indio, won the \$200,000 International Trot by half a length over Bellini II, covering 3 1/4 miles in 2:32 1/2, at Roosevelt Raceway.

HORNER—**JACKKNIFE** (56) and **EUSTACE** (57), ridden by Jean Gaudet and Jay Nadeau, respectively, won their division of the 7th Hopital Stakes for 2-year-olds at Santa Anita (prior 56). Jackknife beat Femina by 2 1/2 lengths, covering the 4 1/2 furlongs in 1:45 1/2. Eustace repeated last by a nose in 1:46 1/2.

LAUREN—**NEL** Long Island entered itself of first place after three wins, forward Paul Mordock, springing with eight goals against Montreal, Philadelphia and Maryland.

BIOTON SPORTS—**CLAY REGAZZONI** of Switzerland, at the wheel of a Ferrari, drove to victory in the Swiss Grand Prix, beating Patrick Depailler by eight seconds, in Dijon. Regazzoni averaged 120 mph for the 12.4-mile race. The event was held in France because a crash auto racing has been banned in Switzerland since 1955.

NOVING—**RETO WYSS** of Switzerland won the men's lightweight single sculls at the World Rowing Championships in Nottingham, England, defeating Raymond Baker of Austria and defending champion Bill Haden of King of Prussia, Pa. The U.S. men's lightweight eight also lost in its late, finishing second to West Germany by .79 of a second. The American team placed second in the eight heaviest East Germany, which won five of the six women's events.

SHOOTING—Ammar Mounir WIGGER, of Carter, Mont., was smooth on the trigger, setting a national championship record in 6,399 out of 6,400 in his route to victory in the men's small-bore prone division at the National Rifle and Pistol Championships at Camp Perry, Ohio. Louis **ROBERT GLENN JR.**, of San Dimas, Calif., won the men's small-bore position standing, sitting, kneeling and prone title with a score of 5,577 for 5,600. On the small-bore side, **SHERRO L. WELLEN**, of Canyon Park, Calif., took the small-bore position championship with 5,548 out of 5,600 and **SCHUYLER HILBINKA**, 17, of East Wren, won the women's prone class with 5,390 (of 5,600) as well as the junior event.

SOCCER—**NASL** Tampa Bay, a first-year club, de-

feated another expansion team, the Portland Timbers, 3-0 in San Jose to win the league championship (prior 40).

ASL, The Boston Astros swept within one point of the Northern leader Rhode Island after losing New York 2-3 and reaching the Cleveland Cubs 4-0. Pittsburgh lost 7-0 to the Astros was a one-man gang against Chicago, scoring two goals and assisting on two others. Connecticut remained in third with a 2-1 defeat of Baltimore.

SWIMMING—World records were established by TIM BRAWN in the 400-meter freestyle in 4:53.11, ROLFE F. LUNNIK in the 200 free in 1:50.23, TIM WARDEN, GOMBY in the 100 free (50.91), and the LONG BEACH SWIM CLUB in the men's 800 free relay 10:30.47 during the AAU long-course championships in Kewanee City, Kalam, (prior 23).

TRACK & FIELD—**GLY DRUT** of France set a world record of 13.0 in the 110-meter hurdle in West Berlin. Drut shared the previous record of 13.1 with Rod Milburn.

JALNA MELNIK of the Soviet Union broke her own world record in the women's 400m by one foot with a throw of 236' 4" in Zurich. Kateri's MIKE BOTT, ran the second-fastest 800 meters ever 1:43.79 at the same meet.

VOLLEYBALL—**IYA** The regular season ended with the first-place Los Angeles Seals beating second-place San Diego and fourth-place Seaside California. The Bruins were unable to defeat the Rangers in five games, but Larry Muliken's spiking and Mace Muliken's nets made the difference. Third-place Santa Barbara beat LI Faw-hsing 3-0.

WRESTLING—**HERB** Former New York Yankee Messenger BILL VIRDON, 44, at the same position with the Houston Astros, replacing Preston Gomez, who was fired.

DIED **MARK DOONHUT**, 38, winner of the 1963-64 U.S. Road Racing championship, the 1963 Daytona 24 Hours and the 1972 Indianapolis 500, of complications following brain surgery, in Graz, Austria. Dr. Doonhut, who on a world closed-course record of 2:11.140 set in the 1961 event at Talladega, Ala., crashed during a practice lap before the Austrian Grand Prix.

DIED **VLADIMIR KULIS**, 48, who won the 5,000- and the 10,000-meter races in the 1958 Olympic, of a heart attack, in Moscow. Skis at one time held world records in both events.

CREDITS

22, 23—Al Schwartz to 21, Eric Schellinger 24—Al Schwartz 43—Tony Timmer 34—Meyer E. Newman 38—Nell 32—John Brown 36, 37—Tom Treg 38, 39—Bud Lester 39—James Barrett, Ford Kell 39—Steve Cox 41 40, 41—Brian Long 39—Bud Lester 39—James Barrett 39

FACES IN THE CROWD



BARTON GEORGE, 10, of Honolulu, clean-cut, 120 pounds and snatched 90 to win the Hawaii AAU junior weight-lifting championship in the 90-pound class. Barton is the son of Pete George, a 1952 Olympic gold medalist in the middle-weight division.



RICKY MEADOR, 17, of Baton Rouge, broke the meet record in the 100-meter breaststroke during the national Junior Olympics in Ithaca, N.Y. Ricky's time of 1:09.48 bettered the record by .57 of a second. At the Louisiana state AAU meet, he had five firsts.



CH. JO-NI'S RED BARON OF CROFTON, a four-year-old Lakeland owned by Virginia K. Ockman of La Habra, Calif., surpassed the all-time better record for Bend in Show awards by winning his 600 consecutive in Ventura, Calif. The mark of 59 had stood 34 years.



LYDD SIGLER, 28, track coach at Salisbury (Md.) State, guested the AAU National All-Around championship for the second year in a row, this time with 7,602 points for the 18 events. Sigler took the mile in 5:07.6, half-mile walk in 3:45.5 and 120 hurdles in 15.8.

GAYNE BENSON, 17, and **BRETT MULLEN**, 17, won the U.S. girls' and boys' junior golf championships. Dagna, of Anaheim, Calif., holed a 45-foot wedge shot for a bubble on the first hole to gain a one-up victory over Kyle O'Brien of Indianapolis at the Dedham (Mass.) Country and Polo Club. Brett, from Riverside, Calif., rallied from two holes down to beat Scott Templeton of Wellington, Kans. Two and one at Richland County Club in Nashville, Brett is headed for USC, Dagna will be a senior at Western High.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BEANBALL

Sir:

Mark Kram's *Their Lives Are on the Line* (Aug. 18) was the most eye-opening article I have ever read. I'm a Yankee fan all the way and after a recent beanball incident in a game between the Yankees and the Orioles I was rooting for Catfish Hunter to bean every Baltimore batter, no matter what the cost.

If that article taught me anything it is never to root for the beanball.

MIKE CORTISE

Wayne, N.J.

Sir:

One way to solve the beanball problem might be to award the batter first base not only when he's hit by a pitch, but whenever in the umpire's judgment he would have been hit if he hadn't ducked.

RALPH SIFER

Providence

Sir:

Give the hit batter two bases.

CHARLES POOLE

Ottawa, Ill.

Sir:

Remove the pitcher from the game.

BENJAMIN DREYFUS

San Francisco

Sir:

As an ex-*sempro* pitcher I must suggest that it is not only the hitter who should be petted, but the pitcher, who, after he releases the ball, is left defenseless and unbalanced, facing the possibility of the ball being rammed right back down his throat.

BRYAN GOLD

Noire Dame, Ind.

Sir:

Mark Kram makes the usual obeisance to Walter Johnson as a pitcher of supreme gentlemanliness. He says that Johnson was one of those "pitchers who are intransigent pacifists and will not throw at hitters in any situation [He] would never pitch tight."

So, tell me, how come this great control pitcher and "intransigent pacifist" is the all-time major league leader in hit batsmen with a total of 204?

HERMAN L. MASEN

New York City

• Johnson accumulated that total over a span of 30 years (1907-27), most of it car-

ly in his career when his fastball was sometimes wild. He was always afraid of killing somebody, and in later years batters took advantage of that fear by crowding the plate. As Johnson continued to strike them out (the career strike-out record also is still his), some batters inevitably were hit.—ED

Sir:

Mark Kram's article was a fine one. However, I take exception to one statement regarding Greg Luzinski. On page 36 there is a reference to the incident in which he went to the mound to get at Bill Greif. It should be made clear that he gestured toward Greif with his bat, then threw it aside. He went at Greif with only his two fists. In no way would Luzinski hide behind a bat.

GEORGE E. CIPOLLA

Havertown, Pa.

Sir:

You wrote only about the hitters whose careers were ruined by the beanball. Years ago, I saw a pitcher who had been in the big leagues but was now playing semipro ball because he was terrified of hitting a batter. He had hit one once and almost killed him.

He pitched against our town team, probably in April 1918. Whenever he felt a pitch getting away from him he would shout "Look out!" This was not done to confuse the batter, but to warn him.

GARDNER C. DUNCAN

Eagle Lake, Texas

WHAT ALLEN SAID

Sir:

It is true that the Phillies' Dick Allen was once one of baseball's "bad boys." But SI (BASEBALL'S WEEK, Aug. 28) is wrong in thinking that Allen has reverted to his old ways. You reported that "Dick Allen seemed his old self. After his ninth-inning single beat San Francisco 5-4, he said, 'Don't bother talking to me.'" True enough, but you should have finished Allen's statement. His complete comment to the press (as reported in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, Aug. 9) was, "Don't bother talking to me. Go see Maddox, he won the game. Go see the Bull, he hit another homer, and go see Gene Garber, he did another helluva relief job." Allen's churlishness may have made great copy in the past, but that part of the Dick Allen story is over.

BRYN MAWR, Pa.

GEORGE S. LICHNER

JACK AND JOHNNY

Sir:

When Jack Nicklaus was given his check for winning the PGA Championship (*Swinging on a Star*, Aug. 18), I wish he could have forgotten that he is a gentleman and had quipped, "Where're the Johnny?"

SHIRLEY STEPHAN

Federal Way, Wash.

Sir:

The article on Jack Nicklaus was commendable, but especially reassuring was the sidebar on Johnny Miller. It made me feel good to know that not everyone has given up on the short-lived idol of golf. I, too, expect a turnaround in Miller's game.

DAVE MARTIN

Springfield, Va.

Sir:

Jack Nicklaus is a superb golfer, but I don't think you ought to count his two victories in the U.S. Amateur as major titles. The Amateur was major in terms of prestige back in Bobby Jones' day, but it isn't now and wasn't when Nicklaus won it.

STEPHEN L. STERN

Belleville, Ill.

RUSSIA'S GOLF COURSE

Sir:

I was surprised to read the account of our golfing adventure with the Russians (*SCORECARD*, Aug. 11).

Real credit should be given to Dr. Armand Hammer for initiating the golf course project. A few years ago, Dr. Hammer renewed his lifelong contact with the Russian people and helped further détente by initiating trade in many fields. When he met with General Secretary Brezhnev in 1973, Dr. Hammer pointed out that golf began 500 years ago as a pastime for Scottish shepherds and that the game has recently experienced amazing growth in Japan and around the world. Thus, suggested Dr. Hammer, the sports-loving Russians would surely enjoy golf. To everyone's delight, Brezhnev agreed, and Dr. Hammer invited a group of golf enthusiasts to visit Moscow in June 1974, at which time golf clubs were presented to Mayor Pronyslov and Ambassador Kazetsov.

Many in the golf world are contributing to this breakthrough, including Bob Dwyer of the USGA and my father, Robert Trent Jones Sr. We all again visited Moscow this June and we hope the course will be playable by the time the 1980 Olympics open in Moscow.

continued

Beautiful, baby, beautiful.

© The Gillette Co., Boston, Mass.



Frank Sinatra singing
on MCA Records

So you like the kind of injector shave you're getting now. But you might still be missing something. Because now there's the Gillette Twinjector® twin injector razor. Made especially for Gillette Twinjector blades. And it's the only razor with an exclusive Comfort Guard™ Bar. To set up a twin blade injector shave that's safe, close and smooth. Don't say we never told you.



The Gillette Twinjector® Shave.

Beautiful, baby.

I realize that the high-spirited camaraderie we enjoyed in Moscow is difficult to fully capture in print, but I assure you the experience was unique. My father and I are grateful to Dr. Hammer for inviting us to Moscow, and to Ambassador Kuznetsov and Mayor Promyslov for making our visits so pleasant.

ROBERT TRENT JONES JR.
Palo Alto, Calif.

LINGERING DEATH

Sir:

As the pioneer and originator of the tie break, I was naturally interested in your Aug. 18 SCORCARD item.

The Women's Tennis Association has voted courageously to request that their U.S. Open matches use the drama-filled VASSS sudden death tie break this year, as they have in the past five. The Association of Tennis Professionals, meanwhile, has indignantly voted to change to the crunchless, basically unsound, interminable and hence discredited 12-point lingering death, which requires a lead of two points to win at six all, with no way of equalizing the effects of the sun and wind. This is clear proof of how much more seriously the women pros take their professional obligation to produce the best show.

The USTA should never have allowed the ATP and the ILTF to bludgeon it into abandoning sudden death after five years of perfect performance. WCT and the NCAA switched to sudden death in 1974. There must be a good reason. Leading members of the USTA and U.S. Open Tournament Committee have privately agreed with me on this point. If the ILTF, which, by the way, has never tested sudden death under tournament conditions, chooses to use an unsound and overly complicated tie break, that is no reason why the USTA should be forced to follow suit. Surely the time has come for the USTA to cease following the ILTF around, right or wrong, like Mary's little lamb, and assert itself by determination when the ILTF commits boo-boos such as lingering death.

JAMES VAN ALLEN
Newport, R.I.

REMINGTON'S WEST

Sir:

I was delighted to see the article *Westward to the Long Forester* (Aug. 11). It is fortunate that America had in Frederic Remington a superb artist who was adventuresome enough to portray and preserve the West as it was during its romantic period, a West that is now lost to us forever. Without artists such as Remington and Charles Russell, our visual impressions would be severely limited and we would have to rely almost entirely upon the imaginations of television and movie producers.

Regrettably, too many of our art critics

blink when they see paintings of the old West, particularly of cowboys and Indians. The subject matter may appear corny by today's standards, but in Remington's day, before motion pictures, it was new and interesting. It was also quickly disappearing, and needed to be captured in paint and bronze.

Artistically speaking, Remington was probably one of the finest draftsmen of his day. His watercolors, of which few exist, are exceptionally bold in technique. His bronzes, such as *The Brown Baster*, *The Rustle-anak* and *Caving Through the River*, are among the most popular ever produced, and his oils, especially those painted toward the end of his career, are extremely interesting. Unfortunately, Remington's life was cut short at the peak of his career. His concern for being remembered not simply as an illustrator is evidenced by the fact that he destroyed many of his illustrative paintings. Above all else, Remington will be remembered as an extremely competent artist.

GEROLD M. WUNDERLICH
Kennedy Galleries, Inc.
New York City

Sir:

Though art critics condescendingly dismiss him, the fact is Frederic Remington brilliantly and unforgettably documented on canvas an era that is gone forever. Robert Cantwell's pose and Tom Allen's pictures rekindled the glow of the era and the artist.

PETER STAMMELMAN
Springfield, N.J.

OREGON TRAIL

Sir:

Glancing at the article about track and field and Eugene, Ore. (*A Fever Running Through the Streets*, Aug. 11), I thought, terrific! another great article by Kerry Moore, only to find out that it was his wife, Bobbie Conlan Moore, who had written an even greater article.

Having completed my education in Oregon, I spent many of my days in Eugene supporting the Oregon Track Club. Bobbie's introductory paragraphs completely capture the mood and atmosphere.

I hope the Moores will continue to cover track and field events for SL, so that we all can get a better insight through their experience. And doesn't the boy in green on page 29 look like the next Sieve Prefontaine, with his cocked head and chamsa?

MIKE POTTER
Albuquerque

Sir:

I wish I knew the name of the little boy in the green shorts on page 29.

MRS. WILLIAM SILVER
Sun City, Ariz.

• His name is Jon Galdager.—ED.

TOO SIFT

Sir:

I object to the growing tendency in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to quote uncritically the demeaning, belittling and insulting remarks that some female athletes make about male athletes and men in general.

I thought that Pat Jordan had already reached rock bottom in his blind acceptance of every female's biased remarks in his article on women's athletics at Penn State (*Fight, Ladies, Fight!* March 10). However, he outdid himself in his Mary Jo Peppier profile (*Denying Woman*, Aug. 4). Miss Peppier's remarks on how male athletes are harming themselves and others by their destructive competitive attitudes while female athletes are in perfect harmony with all that is good in the universe, go completely unchallenged by Jordan. It is interesting to contrast this approach with that in his recent article on Tim Foli (*Silverman vs. a Short Foli*, June 9), in which Jordan delivers himself of several critical remarks about Foli and even quotes others who are critical of him. This results in a balanced, objective picture, far more likely to be accurate than the superliberal all-women-are-saints attitude expressed in his women-only writing.

The point is that you would not dare to insult your minority of female readers by quoting without comment a man whose opinion of female athletes was as low as Peppier's of men. Since it is predominantly men who buy SL, it's odd that you feel perfectly free to gratuitously insult them.

I propose that some rethinking be done. Or maybe it's a simple matter of sending Pat Jordan to *Ms.* magazine or *women's sports*, where he could be more in accord with the readers.

PERRY RUBINOWITZ
Elizabeth, N.J.

Sir:

Mary Jo Peppier espouses the same boring rationalizations of most of today's top women athletes. She talks of gallant women striving toward perfection, seeking only to assist their rivals, and to heck with the score. Her nonsensical proof that men possess none of these virtues is, "They're aggressive."

The search for perfection is synonymous with men's athletics. Has Mary Jo chosen to ignore Jim Thorpe, Jesse Owens, Jim Ryun and the kid down the street who unfailingly sweats his way through grueling two-a-day workouts?

Mary Jo will never admit it, but women are just as aggressive as men.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR
San Jose, Calif.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

**Dry a tonic tonight.
Dry Gilbey's.**



DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 50 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS W & A GILBEY, LTD., DIST. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N. Y. C.

Marlboro



10 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

100 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.